

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
June 22, 1955

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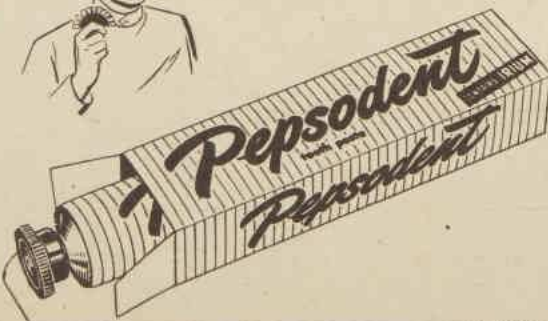


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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 22, 1955

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CHEERS FOR THE APE MAN

SCIENCE has had another touchdown. The recent discovery in South Africa that a prehistoric man, with the impressive name of Australopithecus Prometheus (alias the Ape Man), used stone implements has thrown the world of anthropological scientists into a state of rare excitement.

To the modern housewife, wrestling with the axe to chop a little kindling, it mightn't mean much that a million years or so ago Australopithecus Prometheus was probably having even worse trouble with the great-grandfather of all axes.

But to scientists, eternally seeking the missing link, this implement-using Ape Man is quite something. He, it seems, was the first creature to feel the do-it-yourself urge.

He wasn't quite a man, anthropologists say. But he wasn't quite an ape, either, because no ape has ever shown any inclination to be handy with a hammer—a point which shows the good sense of apes, some husbands think.

However, even the unhandiest of husbands should feel a sense of gratitude to Australopithecus Prometheus.

If it hadn't been for his dogged determination to rise above his apely state by regarding a stone as an implement and not just as a stone, the whole human race might still be swinging round the tree-tops making noises like Tarzan—a dreadful fate for those not possessed of the muscular development of Mr. Lex Barker.

Undoubtedly, when you consider all that climbing the Ape Man saved everyone you can't look on him with anything but a kindly eye. And besides, though he may be the cause of your having to mend the bathroom tap, he's also the cause of your having a bathroom tap to mend.

For that he deserves a cheer from housewives as well as anthropologists.

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Our cover:

● Our cover girl is the Hon. Artemis Cooper, an English beauty, who, at 17 months, wears her Victorian flounces and ribbons with distinction. She is the daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Norwich, both of whose families are noted for good looks and brains. The picture is by Eric Coop in "The Tatler," London.

This week:

● Our Italian mannequins are adding to their vocabularies here, and when they arrive in America on the next stage of their world tour they will have a fair sprinkling of Australian slang to air. When they visited our office soon after they arrived in Sydney, Lully, who speaks the most fluent English, was practising saying "Whacko!" and "You beaut!" Lully said that when the models visited night-clubs they were conscious of people looking at them. "Not at our faces," she explained, "but at our shoes." (All the girls wear the new pencil-slim heels.)

Next week:

● In "Good Morning, Miss Dove," our new serial, the author, Frances Gray Patton, had a success only dreamed about by most writers. As well as being greeted everywhere as the best seller of 1955 her book is a "Book of the Month" selection in both Britain and America. The first edition was sold before it even reached the bookshops. It will also be made into a film. You may read the first of the three long instalments next week. Reviewers agree that there is a "Miss Dove" in the life of anyone who has attended a school and the fact that she is an American teacher does not make her the less endearing or dim her similarity to Australian "Miss Doves," whose cooing may not have been gentle, but nevertheless was effective.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

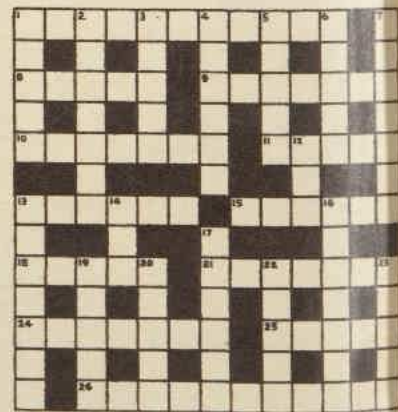
ACROSS

- Change something indigenous for a choice of two (11).
- There is something big in solar geometry (5).
- Raise a Bulgarian coin in a broken tee (7).
- Salary including tips and a badly built den (7).
- Rated for manner of walking (5).
- Clergyman when loses his head causes incendiarism (6).
- Soldier of cavalry regiment (6).
- Lots of water in a cone (5).
- Made certain that you are in the middle following a donkey (7).
- Obtains something by intimidation (7).
- For Caesar it was an inch or an ounce (5).
- Able acquire. (Anagr. 11. But how Victorian).

Solution will be published next week.

AMATEUR B T A
E O L O M I T S
BAY WINDOW E P
N E A S I D L E
USURERS T H R
N P P A R D O N S
S G I O E U E
CHATTERERS
R L O F O T T E R S
I S L A M B R O
P A I M P E R A T O R
T O N E S S M M
S T Y T E M P E S T

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Maps of an African mountain (5).
- Dog in a register (7).
- Chief officer of a town accompanied by Eve (5).
- List of things to be dealt with showing the end inside (6).
- Motionless I rent (5).
- Stimulate, alas, mostly after due time (5).
- Thin with the finish in the centre (7).
- In a song rabbits are ordered to do it (3).
- Birds when they are headless become sweethearts (7).
- A good poet wished to go down to it again (3).
- Spike or a vegetable, the end of which, from the sound, once carried passengers in Australia (4, 1).
- Girl remains a girl even if you don't say that is to say (8).
- Come in (5).
- Decoy for a copper (5).
- The whole is for a railway, the middle is a barbarian (5).
- Cover a medical monkey (5).

*She loved Steven desperately
but she knew it was love that
would never give her peace.*

TOMORROW IS SAFE

By JUDITH CARR

"Why not?" he asked. "Tell me, why not?"

His voice was gentle, detached almost, and Lydia knew that there was no attempt at command or persuasion behind his words. She fidgeted with her glass, spreading the few drops of liquid, that had fallen on the table, into a puddle.

"I don't know," she said uneasily. There were many reasons, but none of them, she knew, would be valid to Steven. Nor to her, either, for that matter, while she sat here with him. It had been like that in the old days, too. Always he had managed to impart to her his own sense of values.

He signalled to the waiter, who brought two more drinks. Lydia's fingers curled round the glass, and the chill of it was refreshing to her hot skin.

She thought of the sea surging softly among rocks. She thought of Etna, aloof and lovely under the slow-rolling smoke. She thought of lemon-groves and white houses and steep, cobbled streets.

"Is it really like that?" she asked, hating the noise and squalor of the town, the shimmering asphalt of the square.

"Like what, darling?"

"Like you told me just now—the village where you're staying."

He smiled. "It's heaven. But if you must catch the first boat back, then you must. I don't question it. I just wonder what the hurry is."

"What sort of answer would you like to hear?"

"That you have to get back for practical reasons," he said. "Or even that you love someone else so much you can't bear to wait a day longer to see him. Anything except that you are afraid to spend a few hours with me."

Lydia said nothing. She stared down at her plate, avoiding his eyes.

He got out his cigarette packet. "Smoke?"

"No, thanks."

She watched him secretly as he lit his cigarette. His little mannerisms, the quick, accurate movements of his fingers, the way he narrowed his eyes against the smoke; these were things that her memory had cherished and yet treacherously let slip. Now she took them back into her heart again.

"It's all so strange—" she said vaguely, confused by the strength and sweetness of her emotions.

"Yes," said Steven. "Meeting by chance in a place like this is strange. But you haven't told me yet how you came to be in Sicily at all."

"I came on vacation."

"Alone? It seems out of character."

"No. The girl I came with was called back. I thought I'd go on to see Syracuse alone. I've even sent my luggage on. But then I changed my mind."

"So you're not expected back?"

"Not really."

"I see."

There was a little silence that grew until it said more than any words could have. Then he looked at his watch and signalled to the waiter. Lydia was about to say, "No more for me," but then she saw that Steven was not ordering drinks, but paying the bill.

"What is it?" She was suddenly frightened.

"Listen, darling," he said, "I must go now. I've got to catch my train."

"Oh, no, not yet." It seemed to Lydia that the words had been wrenched from her by something outside herself. She stared down at the table, struggling to get a grip on herself.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Of course you must go. It's only—it's only that it seems such a pity to have so little time together, after all these years."

"Before all these years, too," he said.

And suddenly Lydia saw the years ahead: safe, peaceful,

To page 37



The beach lay warm in the sun, under its veil of fishing-nets spread to dry, and Steven asked gently, "Is it as lovely here as I said it would be?"

DARLING CLEMENTINE

By DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED
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S.V.P. 2

PRISSIE had almost persuaded herself to stop thinking about Guy. After all, she didn't know him very well. He was probably accustomed to doing these irresponsible things, and his disappearance had nothing whatever to do with her or—

She switched her thoughts abruptly and reflected on the fact that the drama surrounding Brigit had temporarily put Guy out of everyone's mind.

That was a good thing, because he would come back soon. Of course he would. It was ridiculous to think that anything serious had happened to him, or to be so frightened.

She should be glad he wasn't here, shouldn't she? She didn't need him any more, and now she didn't even have to endure his kisses. But she couldn't quite get rid of the cold fear in her mind. Supposing...

None of this must show in her letter. "Such a to-do today with Brigit's accident," she wrote gaily. "Fergus didn't believe her wildly improbable story about a visit she had made somewhere by taxi. Poor soul. Perhaps her mind will become affected. I'm sure mine would. The children have been very good, especially Nicky. I think he is on my side at last. I am beginning to feel, after the past few weeks, that these children are really my own—"

Prissie stopped and allowed the forbidden thought to come into her mind. Supposing Nicky and Sarah were hers, and Fergus her husband? Supposing Brigit never got well—

Oh, poor Brigit, but one couldn't expect to tie a virile, handsome young man to an invalid.

Supposing... "Supposing we have a drink," came Fergus' voice from the doorway. "I'm sure you need one after all this fuss and bother."

Prissie sprang up, glowing with pleasure.

"Oh, I could do with one. The children are asleep and—"

"Brigit's asleep, too," said Fergus. "The doctor gave her something. Poor darling; she's been so upset about this dream of hers. Extraordinarily vivid it must have been. And yet Mrs. Hatchett swears she was lying on the floor in her nightdress."

"Yes, I'm afraid she was," Prissie said soberly.

"Tell me, where was it that she so badly wanted to go? She had some place on her mind."

Prissie flung out her hands. "I really couldn't say. Your wife doesn't confide in me. Sometimes I think she doesn't like me."

Fergus smiled, his eyes full of their familiar, heady admiration.

"Oh, nonsense! I never heard anything so improbable. Come here and tell me more about yourself."

As Prissie approached him there was a taut look of excitement that she had never seen before in his face. Her own pulses began to race. Oh, this was what she had wanted all the time, and she hadn't completely realised...

"What about myself?" she said in a low, provocative voice.

"Why, who you are, what secret you guard so closely in this locket."

Prissie quickly laid her hand over the locket, guarding it from his curious fingers. But she was smiling. Later was time enough for that. Later—



"Don't be so inquisitive," she reproved. His face was close, his blue eyes narrowed to brilliant slits.

"You're quite right, my secretive little monkey. At the moment—this is more important—"

Only afterwards, when the intoxication of the kiss was over but not faded from her mind, did Prissie realise that her half-finished letter lay there open for his gaze. She had a momentary pang of dismay, but after all it was all right. She hadn't written anything that mattered. And, anyway, Fergus would have had his eyes closed. No one kissed like that with open eyes.

Brigit didn't know why she should have wakened with that heavy premoni-

tion of disaster hanging over her. Perhaps it was the grey morning, with the daylight no more than an apology for the departing night. Perhaps it was her feeling of utter exhaustion, as if she could find no strength even to lift a finger.

More probably it was the depressing fact that her legs still remained numb and motionless, so that even she was beginning to wonder if she had ever climbed out of this aristocratic bed and walked.

Her despair was unreasonable. There had been no more events to cause it. Aunt Annabel had slipped in early, with three cats playfully following the trailing cord of her dressing-gown, to whisper that there were no more of those letters



With Nicky and Sarah watching in bewilderment, the man took hold of Prissie's wrist, "Not so fast, my darling," he said.

in the mail, and a little later Prissie had come to switch on the lights, light the fire, and make the room cheerful.

Her sudden aversion to Prissie's expert and gentle ministrations was unreasonable, too. But all at once she felt she could not endure having her face washed and her hair brushed by those little white hands that were always lingering covetously on the beautiful objects in the house.

It was humiliating, as if she had become one of Prissie's possessions, a tiresome one that required just the right amount of politeness and care.

Prissie, she felt, must know where Guy was, who Clementine was, if indeed she were a person at all, even the identity of the black-mailer. If one could strip off the bland, smiling mask of her face and expose all those secrets—

"Mrs. Gaye, you're not looking at all well this morning. Didn't you sleep?"

"Yes, I slept, thank you."

"You look so tired. Of course, it's the shock of your fall yesterday."

"I didn't have a fall," Brigit said distinctly. "I can brush my hair myself, thank you. If you'll just get me a mirror. And tell my husband I'd like to see him, please."

"Yes, Mrs. Gaye. Of course."

There—it wasn't fair to be so cold and ungrateful to Prissie. The girl was looking hurt. But suddenly she couldn't endure her in the room. It was absurd, it was neurotic, but there it was.

Prissie had become, absurdly, part of her premonition of disaster. It wasn't fair that Prissie should be standing there with the glow of health in her cheeks and eyes and lips as a contrast to her own state of fragility and weakness when Fergus came in.

Did she flick him a swift, secret glance before she went out? Brigit was sure she did. Fergus had his head turned and she

could not see whether he reciprocated the glance, but his gaze lingered on Prissie until she was out of the room. Then he turned belatedly to his wife.

"Energetic little creature, isn't she?" he said cheerfully.

"Fergus," Brigit said abruptly, "why don't I trust Prissie?"

Fergus looked at her in astonishment.

"Don't you?"

"No. I think she's up to something."

Did Fergus' gaze flicker slightly? Oh, but in the past he had never failed to meet her eyes.

"And what would that be, darling?" he asked with good-humored tolerance.

"I don't know, but she should be more upset about Guy's disappearance. Guy was in love with her and she encouraged him. Now she doesn't seem to care at all."

"I thought she was quite worried about him going off like this."

"Oh, worried, yes, but for some private reason. I think she's even a little frightened. But she isn't affected emotionally. I think she's quite heartless."

Fergus sat on the side of the bed and patted her hand.

"You're lying there making up things, my little silly. You're disappointed because your match-making efforts didn't come off."

"Oh, no!" Brigit exclaimed. "It's true I wanted Guy to be happy, but Prissie—no, she was only interested in him for his possessions. I'm sure of that. Fergus, I want you to get me another nurse and I want Prissie to go."

"But what about the children? They're so fond of her."

"Are they?" Brigit asked. "I wonder, Nicky seems to have changed so much. Yesterday he scarcely answered my questions. He spoke like an automaton."

"Darling, little boys do those things when they're in the mood."

"Nicky never used to have those moods.

And why should he suddenly start doing conjuring tricks?"

Fergus laughed. "You can hardly accuse Prissie of teaching him those. Anyone less like a conjurer—"

"Oh, you're besotted with her, too!" Brigit cried suddenly and angrily. "You think I don't notice anything lying here all day."

"Biddy—" Fergus began.

But Brigit was now in a state rare for her of becoming thoroughly upset and unreasonable.

"It's Prissie, Prissie, Prissie, all the time. You don't believe anything I tell you—I can dress and go out and nearly kill myself, but you don't believe a word of it—Prissie can tell you I was here all the time and her word is the absolute, unshakable truth!"

"But, darling, Mrs. Hatchett said—"

"Couldn't I have been brought back and undressed and left on the floor?" Brigit demanded. "Wouldn't that have been a possibility you could have considered had you had any faith in me at all?"

"And who," Fergus asked gently and reasonably, "do you imagine brought you back? Prissie, I suppose, although she is smaller and lighter than you, and couldn't under any circumstances lift you, let alone carry you. And, anyway, she was with the children, as you very well know. Ah, come now, darling, don't upset yourself" (for Brigit was muttering sadly, "You don't believe me any more"). "I would believe anything that was humanly possible to believe. For instance, why did you want to go to this particular house?"

But that was the one question Brigit could not answer. She could not bring herself to tell him of this new, shameful thing regarding her family. Anything but that.

"It was to find out about this mythical Clementine," she said unconvincedly. "I'm sure there is something to be found out. Nicky—"

"But where did you get that address?" Fergus interrupted. Then suddenly he jumped up. "I have it! The Brides of the Bath man—the parcel the other day! Darling, what is this curious business—"

His sentence remained unfinished, for at that moment Aunt Annabel came flying in, her face full of distress.

"Fergus! Brigit! There's a message—Guy is very ill—it's from an hotel in Brighton. Someone will have to go—"

Uncle Saunders' heavy step followed her. "What is it, Annabel? Why don't you tell me these things? Is the boy dead?"

Brigit gave a little cry and was aware of Fergus holding her hand in a sudden protectiveness that gave her a frail feeling of warmth even though it seemed he no longer loved her.

"Well, speak up!" Uncle Saunders demanded. "Is he dead? And if he is, why did he have to go to Brighton to die? Extraordinary!"

His voice was far from inaudible. Wherever she had been, Prissie must have heard it, for suddenly she was at the door. Her face was white, her eyes enormous.

"Dead!" she whispered and, gripping the doorpost, she slid quietly downwards.

Afterwards Brigit remembered more clearly Fergus picking Prissie up in his arms and carrying her like a child to the couch at the foot of the bed, then Aunt Annabel explaining breathlessly that Guy was not dead, but dangerously ill. Apparently he had taken an overdose of sleeping tablets. And Uncle Saunders reiterating, "But why do it in Brighton? That's where one goes to have a good time." It seemed that the graver aspect of Aunt Annabel's news had not yet occurred to him.

Fergus was bending over Prissie, a look of

To page 38

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The Honeymoon



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THE car stopped in front and I saw the man get out, come around, and open the other door for the woman.

They both were laughing, and something about the way they looked at each other, the way she took his arm as they came up the walk towards my office, made me think they were here on their honeymoon.

Not that they were young. They were somewhere in their middle 40s, probably. The man was rather large and florid—the good-looking, energetic businessman sort. The woman was small and fairly pretty.

They stopped on the office steps, and I heard her say, "That's a coconut palm, darling. I know from the pictures." They both laughed as if it were quite a joke.

Their name was Miller. They were Will and Lois Miller and they wanted to rent a cottage. "One night on the beach," the man said. "The nicest place you have to rent."

I looked out the window at their car. It was a small car, five or six years old. And neither Mr. nor Mrs. Miller was expensively dressed. I asked how long they planned to stay.

"Four—five months," Will Miller said. "The season. Or as long as we like it."

Sandy Cove is on the east coast and it is by no means the most expensive beach on the coast. But it isn't cheap in the season. "There's the Blackburn cottage," I said. "It's £6 a week."

"Let's look at it," the man said. It's a pretty cottage. There is a little patio in the back with flowers, and it has the Pacific for a front yard.

"It's lovely!" the woman said. She went from flower to flower, asking the names of them. She looked at the ocean as if she would like to build it in the palms of her hands.

Her husband watched her rather than the house or the sea. When he

saw she liked the place, he said to me quietly, "We'll take it."

But Mrs. Miller hesitated. "How's the fishing?"

I gave her the answer you would expect an estate agent to give. Then I asked, "Are you a fisherman?"

"Will is."

"No," Will said. "But I hope to be." And they both laughed.

Sandy Cove is a pretty little place. Many of the tourists come year after year, so it was a friendly, homelike atmosphere. There are always parties; the beaches are lined with persons fishing or swimming or just sun-bathing.

The Millers joined in pleasantly. Everybody liked them. Yet they seemed to spend a lot of time alone together. They walked the beach together; they sat in the sun; they rented a boat from old Captain Olson and spent a lot of time in it, apparently not fishing so much as just sitting and talking.

I met them in the Anchorage Hotel one day and asked if they were enjoying themselves. They said they were.

"It's like a second honeymoon," Lois Miller said.

"A delayed first one," Will amended. "We never had a honeymoon before."

I asked how long they'd been married.

"Eighteen years," Will said. "And both of us working all the time and not getting anywhere."

"Then I made a killing. It was just luck, but we decided to retire while there was still time to have fun. All my life I wanted to fish, and the closest I ever got to it was reading the magazines. So when we got the money, I talked Lois into coming here."

"Who talked whom?" his wife asked. She turned to me. "Will came here for me. I was raised in

the bush. I used to look at the dust, hate the heat, and I'd dream of something like this. The sea, the trade-wind."

She stopped, looking for a moment as if just naming those things had so filled her with emotion that she was going to cry. Instead, she laughed. "And he says we came here for him!"

"I guess we both like it," Will said.

I met them often during the next few months. They seemed nice people, quietly happy together. Late in March, Clyde and Lena Phelps had a party, and the Millers were there.

Will drank with the others, laughing and telling stories. He was a good storyteller—one of those who can make you believe anything while he's telling it.

Then he reached for another drink. Lois was looking at him. She didn't say anything; she didn't even look disapproving. But he put the

drink back on the tray and said he'd had enough.

Later, when I had wandered out on the verandah, Will joined me.

He said rather abruptly: "You've been awfully nice to us since we've been down here, Harry. We appreciate it."

That sort of thing is a little embarrassing. "I haven't done anything but rent you a house," I said.

"No," he said. "You've been friendly." He stood there looking out at the petunias Clyde grows in his yard. "I may ask a favor of you in a month or so."

"All right. What is it?"

But he seemed to have trouble getting to the point of the thing. Instead he began to tell me how, the previous summer, he and Lois had had an attack of food poisoning and

had both gone to a doctor for the first time in years.

"The doctor found Lois had a heart condition. I knew she'd been working hard. So had I. But I—I don't know anything about medicine. I thought . . ."

"People live for years with heart conditions," I said.

"Yes. Only the doctor said . . . there's nothing we can do but give her rest and quiet." I waited, and he said, "I'm to take her back for a check-up in May. I'll tell her it's a business trip. I'll think of some way to get her to see the doctor."

"You mean she doesn't know?"

"I didn't want her to know." He sounded angry. "She thinks I'm the one. So she

spends her time keeping me from getting tired. It's the only way I could ever have made her give up work."

I didn't know what to say, so I kept quiet.

After a moment Will said, "The doctor may think she ought to come back here."

"All right," I said.

He said, "That's where I want you to help me. I didn't get rich. I just sold out the business because we needed the money for this holiday. If we come back, it'll have to be a cheaper place. You could tell her it's the only place available. Anything. I don't want her to worry about money."

"Of course."

I saw them twice after that. Once

they were sitting at the beach and once I saw them at the post office. We didn't say anything more than hello.

Then one day the first week in April Will and Lois were sitting on the wharf, fishing, when quite suddenly he put his hand to his chest. His face knotted with pain and with what some persons said was almost a look of surprise. He was dead when the doctor arrived.

I got there with the doctor and I was the one who drove Lois Miller to her home. She was not crying. She sat with her hands tight-folded in her lap and her head bowed, and she made no sound at all.

When we reached the house, she raised her head and looked out at the ocean. "He was happy here, wasn't he, Harry?"

"Yes," I said.

"I suppose I ought to cry," she said. "But I've known for so long it had to happen, there just aren't any tears left."

I stared at her. "You've known?"

Even the way she felt, she noticed my surprise. "He talked to you?" she asked. "He told you I was the sick one?"

"Yes."

"That was something the doctor and I made up. Because if he had known, he wouldn't have rested. He'd have worked harder than ever, trying to have something to leave me. And he had already given me what I wanted." She got out of the car then and said, "Thank you, Harry." And she went into the house.

(Copyright)

Sentimental Journey

BUT for Rinalda I should never have ridden away from the castle. Louis might be King and Richelieu the ruler of France, but politics plagued me no whit as I lay abed in the dark hours before dawn and came to a sudden decision. I would sooner my head firm set on my shoulders than tumbling from the axeman's block.

I was twenty-three and the handsomest man at the old Duke's court, and this I had come to count both fortune and misfortune. If glances were flung from inviting eyes I could accept with equanimity; but, when Rinalda smiled upon me, it was another matter, for Rinalda was affianced to the old Duke's nephew and heir, and I could not contemplate with composure the possibility of rotting my days out in a dungeon or sacrificing my head as the price of dalliance.

Rinalda was tall and fair and pampered as a hot-house rose. At our first meeting her bold eyes had sought and held mine and, though it was none of my seeking, ere long she was manoeuvring me into situations as indiscreet as they were dangerous, for even then the Count was hurrying from Paris to stand at the deathbed of his uncle. Soon he would be master of a great domain and Rinalda would rule by his side; but, impetuous and wilful, she was in no mood to let a distant alliance interfere with present desire.

Once, when she had commanded my presence and had sent away her smirking maid and we were alone, she had twitted me.

"I have heard of your daring in the field, M'sieur Renne, but your courage seems to evaporate within these castle walls. Or am I misjudging?"

Her lips were encouraging, her eyes devouring, and I was hard put to find words that would not deny chivalry. I was as susceptible as the next man, but here was a woman of high estate, promised to another, a woman wholly selfish, bent on satisfying the whim of the moment and one, I believed, who would sacrifice me if it suited her need.

I had heard much of the ruthlessness of the man who was to be master when the old Duke died, and I knew that if I took one step towards Rinalda and stretched my arms I would be drowned in her embrace and forever lost. And so I hesitated and, in a twinkling, the melting loveliness of her eyes turned to the fury of the scorned, but, at that instant, saving me, a trumpeter on the higher tower heralded the approach of a cavalcade. Footsteps came scurrying down the corridor, there was an agitated tapping on the door, and the maid's breathless warning:

"Madame . . . Madame . . . the Count has returned."

Rinalda's eyes swept me from head to foot and her voice slurred with the faintest mockery. "I shall make other occasions to test your courage, M'sieur." She turned from me and I opened the door and, brushing past the white-faced maid, hurried to take my place and welcome the husband-to-be of the woman who had offered me so much.

Although the Duke's hours were closing in, the Count chose to mark his return with a feast in the great hall. Observing the strong hawk-nose, the square chin, the thin lips, and flinty eyes as he usurped the ducal chair, for an instant I felt sorry that Rinalda was to be tied to this man who had nothing to recommend him but authority. Presently he was on his feet, goblet in hand and already a little drunk. He had chosen this unpropitious moment to formally announce the date of his marriage and was asking us to drink to his bride.

And Rinalda? . . . Were her eyes drooped in modesty or raised to the man with whom she was to link her life? I cast a swift glance and saw with dismay that they were gazing at me. There was a smile on her lips and, plainly as though she had spoken, I read the meaning of her steadfast glance.

"I may marry this man, my dear, but I shall contrive occasions . . ."

Perhaps my consternation betrayed me, for suddenly I was aware that the hot eyes of the Count were boring into me. He had followed Rinalda's gaze and I knew that from that moment I was doomed.

As, an hour or two later, I tossed on my bed, sleepless with anxiety, a bell tolled suddenly and continued at solemn intervals and I shut my eyes in prayer for the old Duke's soul. Now he was dead and I had none at court to stand my friend. I dressed with haste and made my way to the courtyard below. Here there was a great coming and going with lantern and torch, and in the confusion I found my horse and rode out and away.

Leaning on my saddle, I turned and looked back at the forbidding towers of the castle and wondered what sort of a wife Rinalda would make the Count. How, in the future when her fickle mind had forgotten me, would she farewell

her man as he set off for the wars? How greet him when, back from a foray, he came to her with a wound to be bathed and bound?

Imagination balked. Wives were not much in my line. I had seen them a-plenty—long of tongue, shrewish, jealous, and ever ready, like Rinalda, to betray. Riding through the dawn with the poplars still dripping with night dew, I made a vow in my horse's ear.

"Hear my oath, faithful Valor. I swear to you that in the days ahead I will be chained to no woman."

How young I was!

All day I rode and rode hard, but when the dark made the tortuous path difficult, I rested at a small inn. At the hearth the innkeeper, whom I knew for an honest fellow, was fussing over a traveller . . . a gentleman of my build, of handsome appearance and noble mien. The quick thought came that here was one a man of my age might be proud to call father. In a shadowy corner three ill-bred rascals sucked at their mugs of ale, their little pig eyes intent upon me as I introduced myself to the man at the hearth.

I told him naught but my name, and he on his part asked no questions. His name, he informed me, was de Veron, and in the pleasant conversation which ensued I gathered he had been on a mission which had taken him far afield and was glad to be riding towards home.

"You are married, M'sieur?" he inquired.

"Heaven forbid!"

He smiled. "Some day you will find the woman."

"I doubt it," I said, and added: "If she were the woman I could love, I doubt if I am the man she would deserve."

He pondered that. "When you come face to face with her you will know at once if she is the one with whom you would wish to spend your life. You will look into her eyes and you will know. But, beware, my son. Youth is given to dreams and the woman of your ultimate choice may be little like the one of your fancy." He beckoned the landlord. "We will drink to the lady you will one day find, M. de Renne," he said.

Soon after he excused himself. He had a long and arduous journey ahead, he told me, and was impatient to be on his way, and so would take horse early in the new day. It suited me to be moving betimes, for, after the glance of hatred the Count had bestowed upon me at the banquet, I had no doubt that, once the Duke's obsequies had been arranged, he would spare no effort to find me and drag me back to the castle. I suggested to de Veron that I ride with him, and he said he would be glad of my company, and with this we parted for the night.

But, in the quiet of the inn, I slept soundly, and when I awoke the sun was high. The innkeeper, bustling with my breakfast, informed me that de Veron had long since departed. "I would have felt happier had you ridden with the gentleman, M'sieur," he said. "You see, M'sieur, M. de Veron is a most amiable gentleman, but too trusting for these parts. Men hereabouts are none too honest, and M. de Veron, if you will pardon me, was injudicious."

"Injudicious?"

"In opening his little box in 'l . presence of others."

I guessed he was referring to the rascals who had watched us from the corner. The good fellow went on. "I don't know what he carried in the box, M'sieur, but M. de Veron evidently valued the contents highly, for he placed it beside him as he ate and, from time to time, set his hand lovingly upon it. I ventured a warning, but he laughed."

It was evident that M. de Veron's box had excited the cupidity of the watching villains, who would carry news of it to their fellows in the wood—a rabble with no stomach for steel but hunting in cowardly packs. If I was not speedily to horse I felt that M. de Veron might find the odds grievously against him.

Though I made all speed, in two hours I saw no sign of the man I followed. I paused at a rivulet to water my horse, eyes and ears alert. Before me the dark wood was silent, a rare spot indeed for ambushade.

I rode warily, my sword loosed and happily so, for, before I had traversed another league, I caught the ring of steel upon steel. A shouting arose and uncouth oaths. A horse neighed in terror and I spurred Valor cruelly and presently came upon M. de Veron. I surmised he had been attacked in the

To page 50

While the gnome-like little man looked on I offered my hand to the girl, who gave me a dazzling smile.



A romantic short story by A. E. MARTIN



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Letters from our Readers

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week as well as 10/6
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lished on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I CAN'T understand people who think and talk about nothing but their bad luck.

"Everything happens to me," they moan, and then begin a long list of grievances, such as, "I don't know what I'm going to do, my children are so careless"; or "I can't stand Mrs. —, she's continually borrowing, but never thinks to repay anything"; or "Mr. — puts his meat prices up so high there should be a law against it." Another sample is "Did you hear that terrible racket those young people made going past last night?" Then there is the old favorite, "Nobody seems to have any consideration nowadays; people don't care about anyone but themselves . . ."

It just makes me see red, for as far as I can see, it's a big, wide wonderful world, and it's fun to be living. These people, and there are many of them, miss out on so much. Why can't they look for the funny side of all these small grievances, have a good laugh, and begin counting their blessings?

£1/1/- to "Happy-go-lucky" (name supplied), Forbes, N.S.W.

OUR mothers have to provide us with a costly school uniform, so I fail to see why our teachers can't wear a tidy uniform too, suitable for their work. Some of the teachers at my school dress beautifully and set us a very good example, but one came into the room one day with about two inches of slip showing. Another day she wore a dress up to her knees and her cardigan hanging anyhow from her shoulders. As soon as this teacher comes into the room with her untidy hair and appearance, I immediately feel untidy and restless. This does not help me to do good work. Teachers are supposed to set a good example.

10/6 to "Pupil" (name supplied), West Brunswick, Melbourne.

I OFTEN think that the craze for speed and efficiency causes us to miss a lot of comfort. Take wood fires in the home, for instance. Granted that they are somewhat dirty and that they are very slow, what could be more cheerful on a grey winter's day than bright crackling fires in kitchen stove and open fireplace?

10/6 to "Phyllida" (name supplied), Carmel, W.A.

AFTER many months and many visits to specialists and much money spent, which we could ill afford, we have been told that our baby will never be any good, mentally or physically. In fact, we have been advised to have him admitted to a mental home as soon as possible for the sake of our other children.

How would other mothers cope with the questions of well-meaning people—should I tell them the truth? We have to keep our babe for another year, as he must be two before a mental hospital will take him. Should I hide him till then, and how shall I explain his sudden disappearance to our other little ones?

10/6 to "Perplexed" (name and address supplied).

Migrants and housing

IN reply to Mrs. Dorothy Ashmead's letter which suggests that housing could be made easier for migrants (The Australian Women's Weekly, 1/6/55), I wonder if she realises that there are thousands of old Aussies waiting for homes, and have been waiting for quite a while. I myself have been waiting seven years. I have nothing personal against migrants, but I do object when they complain about the housing situation. The Government says that we must populate the country, but if housing was adequate, Aussies, I am sure, would have more children. I

would. Believe me, it is not fun trying to raise children properly while living with in-laws and under cramped conditions. Let the Government build enough homes for everyone, or else make finance easier. Then bring out as many migrants as they wish.

10/6 to "Old Aussie" (name supplied), Balmain, N.S.W.

Vanishing Grandmas

DID "Nostalgia" think about the conditions ruling the days when there were grandmas who sat in the sun crocheting (The Australian Women's Weekly, 8/6/55)? A husband could keep his wife, or a widow keep herself with expenses as low as they were then. Now it is difficult to live on the pension. Also the younger generation is becoming more independent after marriage, prejudiced by mother-in-law tales perhaps. The world is changing and grandmothers, yes, even grandmothers must change with it to survive in the fight for existence.

10/6 to "Career Girl To-be" (name supplied), Eastlakes, Sydney.

I HAVE a picture of my grandmother at 60 years of age. It portrays a little old lady with a lace d'oyley on her head. My sister is now the same age. She is a private secretary holding down a nine-to-five job. I think that the grandmas of other days did harder work in their early years, had bigger families, and were worn out much younger.

10/6 to "S.O.S." (name supplied), Queenscliff, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

RETURNING home after six months in hospital, my husband was appalled to find to what extent our son misled to gain his own ends. After one of Peter's "jokes" his father spoke to him quietly.

"You know, Peter," he said, "a joke is not funny when you use it to deceive someone. Your mother always believes what you tell her, so it's only fair to tell her the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Peter. "There you are, Mum," said his father, turning to me, "you must always believe what Peter tells you."

About a week later Peter came in after school with a cut leg. He told me that his teacher had told him that he need not attend the next day. I pretended to believe him, but next day, while Peter was at home, I saw his teacher, and, as I had suspected, Peter was again attempting to bluff me.

Although I felt a horrible traitor, I asked his teacher to take action against him for his truancy. Peter asked me if I would write him a note, but I pointed out that this was quite unnecessary since his teacher had told him to stop home.

Miserably he left for school to take his medicine and from that day on our plan of making him responsible for all his words has resulted in a changed attitude. Peter has given up "joking."

£1/1/- to "Peter's Mum" (name supplied), Footscray, Vic.

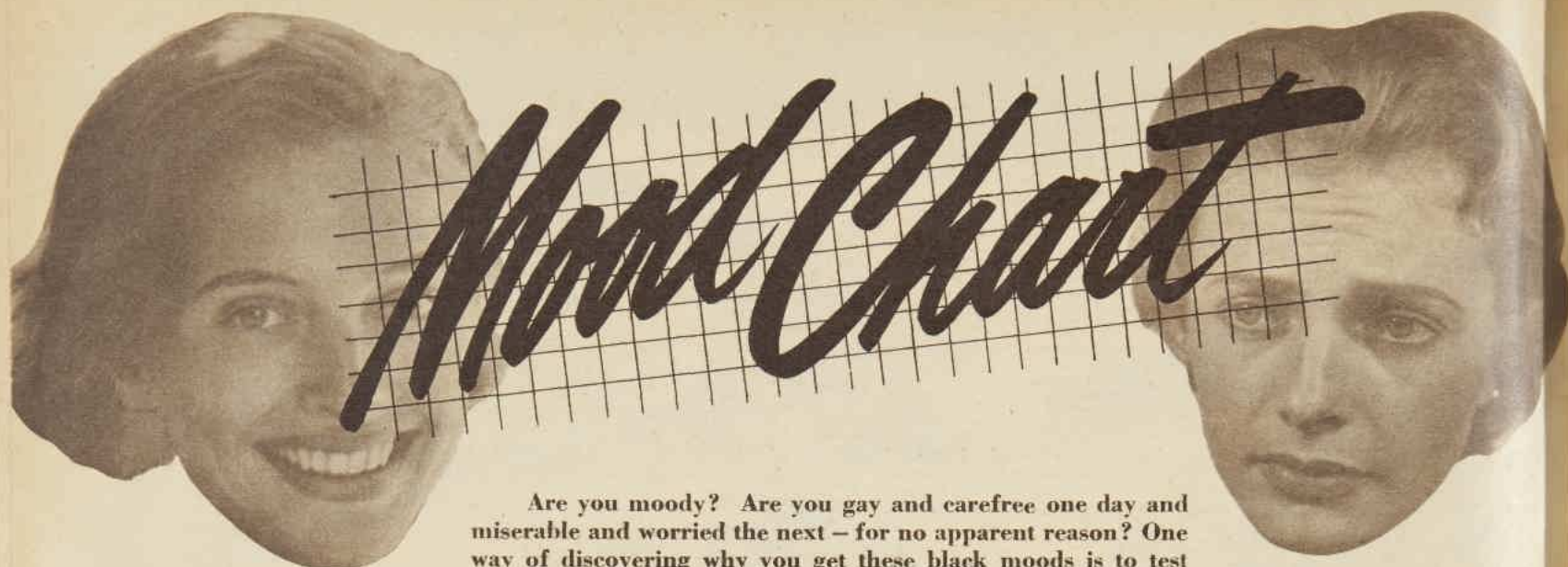


FALLS CREEK alpine village (above), on the northern edge of the Bogong High Plains, in the north-east of Victoria. This photograph, by Robert Wingrave, of Bogong, shows the Albury Ski Club Lodge and the surrounding ski runs. Many new lodges are being built in this area.

Beautiful Australia

SPENCER'S CREEK, near Kosciusko, N.S.W. (below). This picture by Valerie Lhuède, of Sydney, was taken in the autumn as the first snows began to fall. Spencer's Creek, which rises on Mt. Stillwell, is one of the many small creeks which form tributaries of the Snowy River.





Are you moody? Are you gay and carefree one day and miserable and worried the next — for no apparent reason? One way of discovering why you get these black moods is to test yourself by filling in your own Emotional Cycle Chart prepared by consultant psychologist Lee R. Steiner.

YOU will find that charting your mood-swings helps you to resolve your personal problems by understanding more deeply what brings on your good moods.

The goal is, of course, to attempt to escape or resolve the causes of your depressed periods and to emphasise and enlarge the optimistic periods so you can function on a more even keel and consequently be easier to live with.

Everyone has moods. Some occur on a daily basis, others have a monthly swing; still others are dependent upon weather conditions, such as barometric pressure and temperature.

Your typical swings should become apparent to you if you record your reactions.

Eventually you should understand how to regulate your day in accordance with these basic moods.

If you are one who is never fully awake until two hours after you crawl out of bed, don't plan important work for the morning.

For the slow starter, morning is the time for routine work that doesn't require too much concentration.

For the possessor of strong adrenals, who leaps from his bed impatient to get started, the morning is the time for the heavy work, because by afternoon his spirits tend to lag.

Statistical appraisal of about 200 charts has led me to conclude that the average person takes about three hours from the time of rising to reach his maximum efficiency. At the noon hour there is a temporary lull. After noon he reaches another peak about 3 o'clock, and by 8 o'clock some people have another spurt.

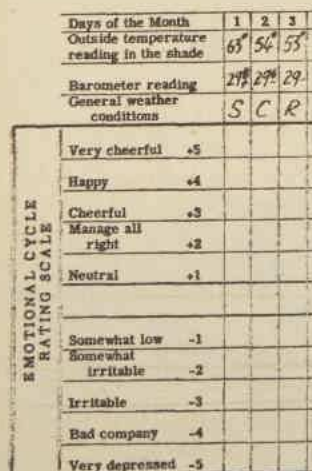
However, there are many individual variations, like the person who begins to think clearly at midnight.

From these same statistics there seems reason to believe that moods have some correlation with how people feel.

They tend to be depressed when their energy is low and enthusiastic when they have pep.

It is extremely important that you understand your mood-swings if you are to use yourself efficiently.

EXAMPLE of a chart filled in with weather information only. Many people find that the weather has a direct bearing on their good and bad moods.



EMOTIONAL CYCLE CHART of Miss X

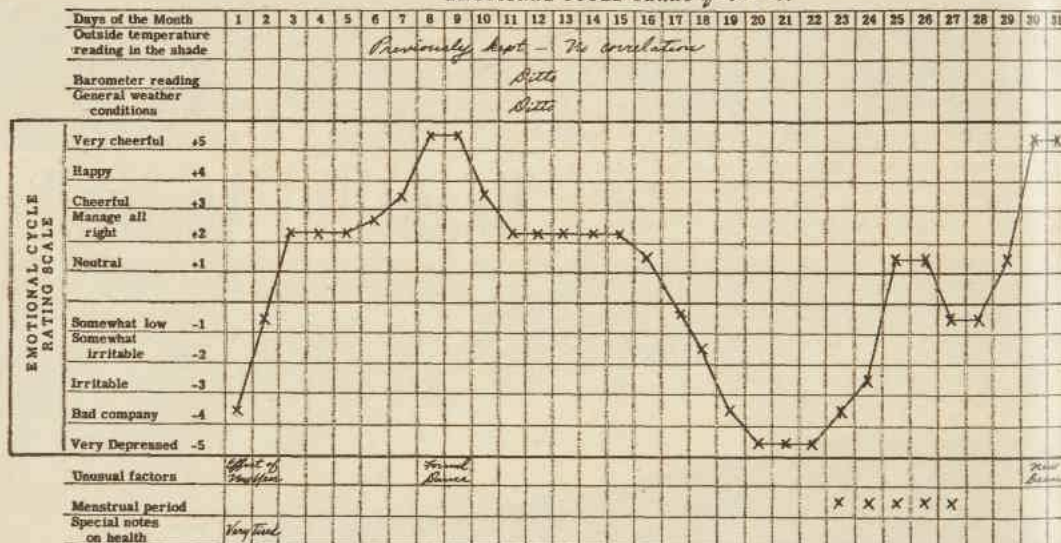


CHART OF MISS X. The graph shows that at New Year she was tired and depressed. The prospect of a dance lifts her spirits, but they drop again for three days before menstruation. By keeping a daily record, Miss X discovered that she always had three days of premenstrual depression. Note the quick lift at meeting a new beau.

If the mood-swings are regular, then you can suspect that there is a physical basis for them. If they are erratic, they are more likely to be dependent on environmental causes.

If, for example, you are depressed only on Thursday evenings, you will know how to look for causes.

Predicting good and bad days

MY experiments with the relationship of weather to swings in mood were undertaken in the hope of finding a method of predicting the days on which one is in good moods or bad.

If, for example, you know that on rainy days you are apt to be cranky and morose and that on sunny days you are in high spirits, you might more tolerantly endure your low spots, knowing that sunny days and bright spirits are ahead. I hoped this knowledge would, likewise, help families endure the low spots if they could predict them.

From my consultees and correspondents I became aware that the correlations would have to be made in many areas, because there seems to be a special swing in moods that belongs to each person.

There are individuals whose moods are profoundly affected by the weather.

One woman of 50, who has both low blood pressure and low thyroid, has found that stormy and changeable weather depresses not only her emotions but her ability to work.

For her, an exact recording of weather and barometer

readings is important, because she is coming to know that in certain types of weather she had better not try to make important contacts.

She is also learning to say to her family, "You know how grouchy I am on stormy days. Well, just leave me alone. Tomorrow will be better."

She finds that her knowledge of her moods preserves the family's nerves as well as her own good relationships.

Here, briefly, are the conclusions some people have been able to draw concerning their moods. Your cycle will, naturally, be different from theirs.

This man is 24 and his moods seem to be related to sleep. He writes:

"For some time I had been convinced that I live in cycles and am glad to have the chance to keep a record because I am finding that at regular intervals I have depressed moods. Also, I am beginning to distinguish between moods that have internal reasons and moods that come because of something others have done to me.

"I find in my case that sleep and mood go hand in hand. "Some days I don't get a good night's sleep and I hit everyone's head off. If my mother is in a good mood, she gets a good laugh at my expense. However, if my mother and I get the same depressed mood, there have been times when hell broke loose, and this made a dark cloud loom over the house for days.

"In the end, when the mood lifts, I'm always sorry for what I said and did, and happy times come around (which,

By LEE R. STEINER

In her best seller "Make the Most of Yourself"

Everyone suffers from fits of depression, but discovering their cause helps life run smoothly

lucky for this family, is 97 per cent. of the time), and all is forgotten.

"When I am in one of these dark brown moods, a quarrel can come over the most trivial things, but my mother admits that I have inherited her temperament and isn't too hard on me. We are both learning to walk away when the dark mood comes over us instead of quarrelling like we used to."

For another man, cold weather brings his low spots:

"In a vague sort of way I knew I liked warm weather, but never knew to what extent cold weather dominates my temper. I'm one of those people who never seem to get warm. My energy comes when it's roasting hot and everyone is wilting. Then I'm as happy as a lark."

Another man is at maximum optimism in rainy weather:

"At the age of 72 I am almost ashamed to confess it, but it seems that rainy weather makes me happy and I feel fine in it. Isn't that rather odd?"

For some, barometric pressure is the major factor:

"I have been suffering from terrible headaches for years. I see now that they come when the barometer falls."

It is important that all records be kept for the same hour in the day or you will not have a basis for comparison. The people who consult me make their records at noon. You may choose whatever time of the day you wish, as long as it is always the same time.

The exact temperature, barometric reading, and general weather conditions can be found in the daily newspaper.

Emotional cycle rating scale

THERE are 10 points on which you can mark yourself all the way from being "Very cheerful" (+5) to "Very depressed" (-5).

I realise that various people have different ideas about what is being "Happy" (+4) or "Somewhat irritable" (-2).

You will have to decide for yourself what point is "Neutral" (+1) for you and how you go up and down.

My category of being "Very cheerful" is the normal sensation of getting up in the morning full of good spirits, singing in the shower, kissing your wife an extra pleasant good-morning, telling the office girl how pretty she looks in pink, picking up some ice-cream for the kids on the way home, and winding up by having a jolly evening.

"Very depressed" on my chart is ordinarily known as "the blues."

You hate getting up, you dawdle over everything you have to do, you snap at your wife when you know you shouldn't, you pick petty quarrels at the office for which you are sorry, you find fault with the dinner and really don't feel like eating at all, and finally you go to bed early simply because you can't endure being pleasant.

The limits of normal swings in mood as depicted by my chart are +5 to -5.

If, for instance, you become so depressed that you feel you are worthless and go about wondering which building would be the best for the final jump, then you have gone beyond the normal swing of the mood pendulum. You need a doctor.

Here is the key to the chart of Miss X, shown on the opposite page. She is a young lady of 24, whose complaint is that she has spells of grouching, during which time she is in danger of losing her job.

A previous chart indicated that her moods had nothing to do with the weather.

As recorded by Miss X, she has a let-down to "Bad company" (-4) on New Year's Day, is still "Somewhat low" (-1) the following day, and by the 3rd is apparently back to her normal "Manage all right" (+2).

On the 6th her spirits begin to soar, anticipating a formal dance on the 8th, which sends her to "Very cheerful" (+5). The high spirits carry over through the 9th, after which she returns to "Manage all right" (+2), which is normal for her.

She then has an extreme slump to "Bad company" (-4) on the 19th and hits bottom, "Depressed" (-5), on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd. She then slowly mounts until she reaches "Neutral" (+1) on the 25th and 26th, has a very normal variation to one point lower, "Somewhat low" (-1), on the 27th and 28th, then rapidly mounts to "Very cheerful" (+5) with the advent of a new beau.

In the chart for the following month the pattern repeated itself for the three days of "Depressed" (-5) before menstruation.

Her cranky periods, during which she gets into quarrels at the office, are definitely related to these premenstrual depressions.

Her new knowledge of these cranky periods has armed her against them. She now saves up for these days the routine work which permits her to be alone as much as possible.

The chart (above) of Mr. X, aged 30, is an excellent illustration of a chart which is definitely influenced by social conditions.

This is the situation of a man who had been quite de-

EMOTIONAL CYCLE CHART of Mr. X

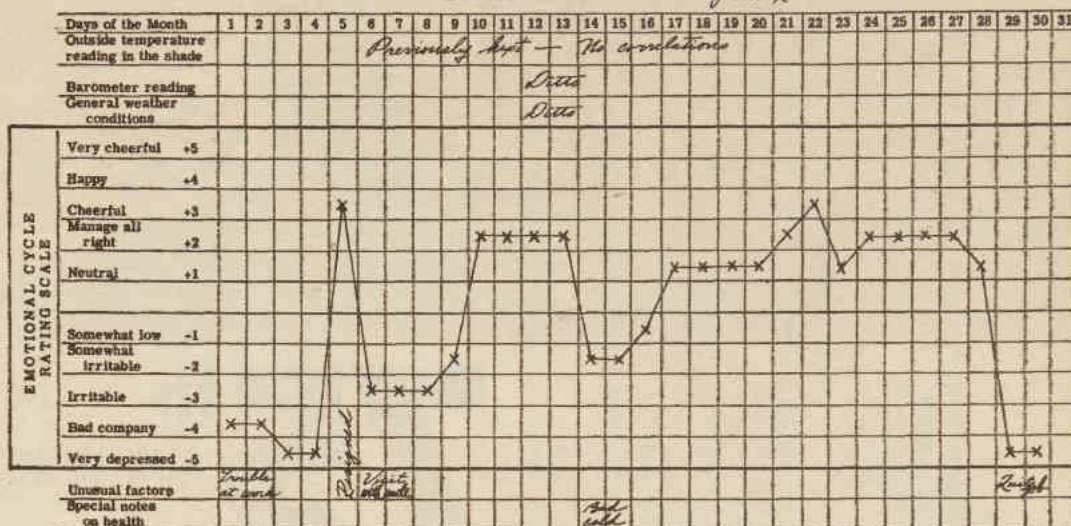


CHART OF MR. X. This man's troubles were easily traced to dissatisfaction with his job. The graph shows his relief when he resigned, his depression when he visited his uncle, who is financially dependent on him, his gloom when at home with a cold, and his plunge to the depths when he is forewarned at the office and began to wonder if he had done the right thing in resigning. His further chart in a new job showed consistently happier moods.

pressed for some time and consulted me to learn the reasons why.

The first monthly chart showed no correlation between his moods and weather, temperature or barometric conditions, so we did not keep track of these conditions the second month.

What was apparent was that he was -5 whenever he had a quarrel with his boss, and this was happening more frequently. He and I decided that he would have to become more realistic about his work. He would have to resolve his differences with the boss or resign his position.

The chart illustrated here is the one he kept during the second month.

to +1. On the 29th, when he said goodbye to his friends at work, he dipped to -5 and remained depressed on the 30th.

However, the following month he had no dips below -2. With the unhappy job behind him he could function on a more even keel.

The chief difficulty was not only that he hated his boss but that he had become very discouraged with his lack of progress at work—which had much to do with his getting into quarrels and becoming depressed.

Having determined where the trouble lay, we had some intensive interviews about his need for a new orientation to his vocation and the need to find more satisfactory working conditions. He had held his job for six years and feared a change. However, he realised that it was necessary.

The process of actually resigning sent him to -5; however, for the third month the chart was an entirely different one, with spirits usually on the plus side.

The other low spot you see on his chart ("Irritable" -3 on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of the month) was in relation to the weekend he spent with his relative.

He has not yet resolved this relationship, but realises that it is something he cannot evade tackling.

How you use the chart depends upon your own personality needs and the amount of ingenuity you have.

There are individuals whose moods vary from hour to hour rather than from day to day or from month to month. If you fall into this category, adapt the chart for hourly checks.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU CAN'T ENDURE BEING PLEASANT

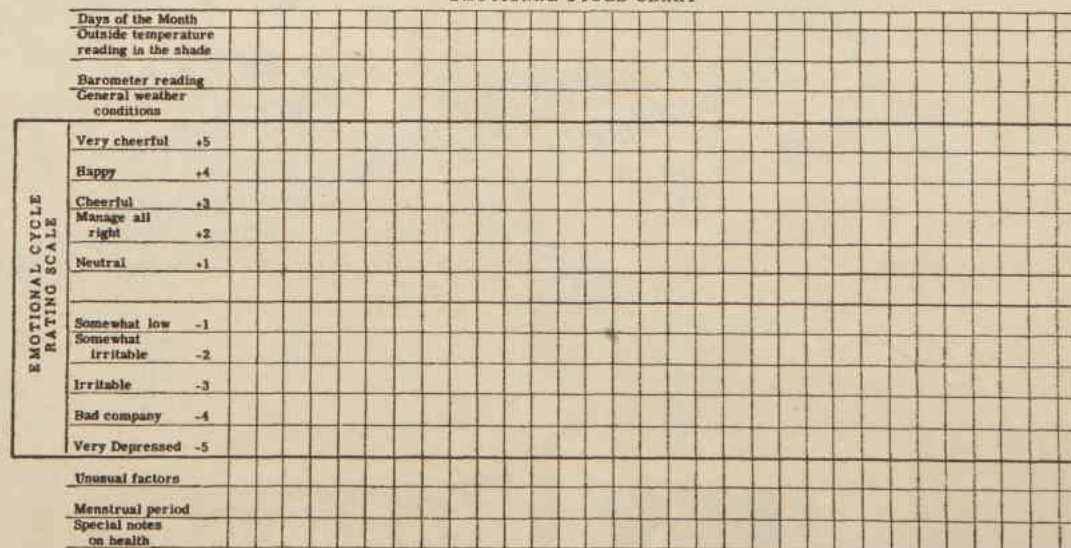
Having definitely decided to resign his position, he is low for the first four days of the month. On the 5th he resigned his position, and the relief was sufficient to send him up to +3.

On the 6th he was back to -3 when he was obliged to spend the weekend with a very disagreeable uncle for whom he was financially responsible.

The visit over, he bounced back to his normal +2. On the 14th and 15th he was home with a bad cold and had time to worry about whether or not he had done the right thing in resigning, so he went down again to -2.

He returned to me for counselling and decided that he would abide by his decision to resign, and his mood returned

EMOTIONAL CYCLE CHART



SAMPLE CHART. Cut out this chart, paste it on cardboard, and keep it for every day of the month. Fill in the weather details from the daily paper, with "S" for sunny, "C" for cloudy, and "R" for rain. Put an X in the appropriate square every day, and make notes below on unusual factors in your life. Everyone should start by estimating his own "normal," which differs in nearly every individual.



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Milky coconut . . . ripe, real
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"Old Gold" chocolate.



"COLUMBINES"
Anytime for "Columbines"! —
Enjoy the true caramel flavour
that lingers on your tongue.



"O.K." PEANUT BAR
Crunchy toffee, loaded
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smooth milk chocolate.



"SNACK"
Now a variety of 6 luscious
centres in every block — twelve
novelty shaped pieces. Only 2/-.

MILK CHOCOLATE
Chosen first for flavour
because it "tastes milkiest of all".
New-shape block — only 2/-.



"FREDDO"
The famous chocolate frog
children (mums and dads,
too) have loved for generations.

1880



1955

HAIR-DO'S FOR A PRINCESS



1955

THE FRENCH LOOK. A deeply waved, upswept style, with a duck's-tail back, was Margaret's choice for theatregoing in London last March.



1953

CURLY LOOK (above). In November, 1953, the Princess favored her hair massed with close waves and curls clustering around her face.

PORTRAIT STYLE (right), straight on top with curls at the sides, was Margaret's 24th-birthday coiffure.



1954



1951

UNTRAMMELED. Holidaying in Scotland four years ago, Margaret's locks, longer and unhampered by elaborate styling, curled up at the ends.



1950

● When any woman changes her hair-do, it's news for her friends. When the woman is Princess Margaret, changing her hair-do as frequently as Princess Margaret does, it's news for the world.

Here is a seven years' history of Margaret's coiffures, showing her soft brown hair in eight different styles, ranging from the tight sausage curls she experimented with in her teens to her latest, and most sophisticated, Italian-inspired cut.



1955

THE ITALIAN LOOK. Princess Margaret made world headlines when she wore this short, rounded haircut for the first time when she went to the premiere of the film "Dam Busters" in May. The sleek sophistication of the cut is typically Italian in line.



1949

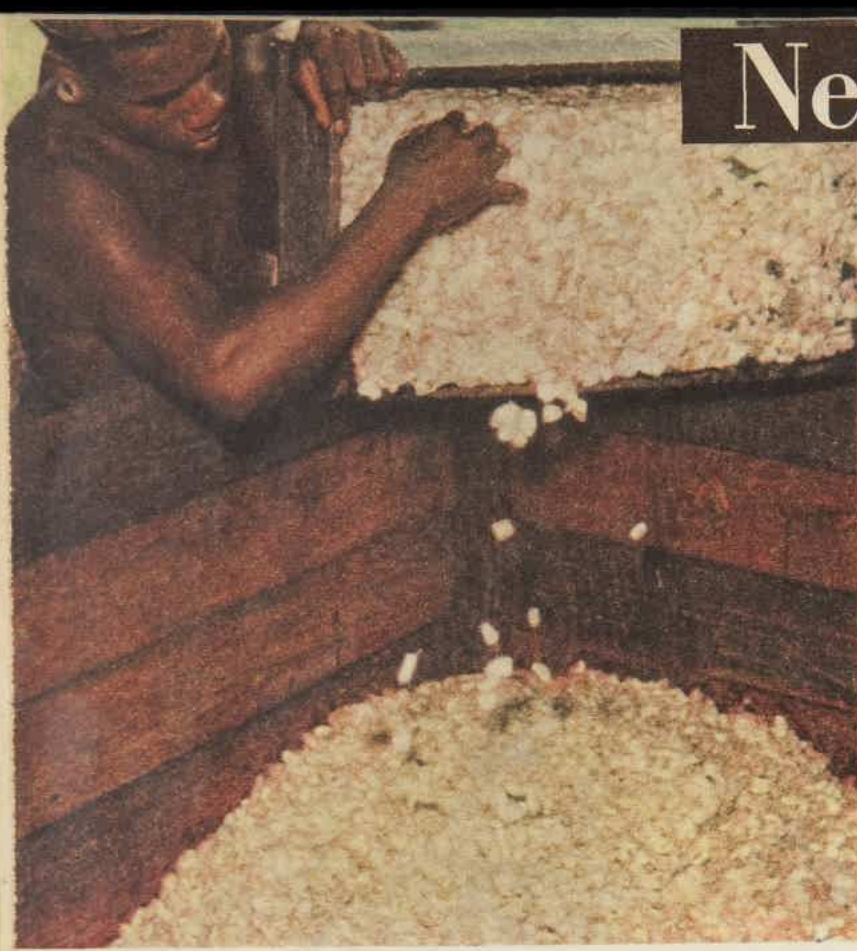
ABOVE: Demure and girlish, with hair swept back smoothly and clasped firmly to show her ears, the Princess dined out in November, 1949.



1948

WELL-GROOMED simplicity for her first "out-of-teens" hair-do (left). The Princess dressed her hair like this for her 20th birthday in August, 1950, when she posed for this portrait.

TIGHT CURLS, intricately arranged, clustered on Margaret's head when as a 17-year-old she went off to dance at the Dorchester in February, 1948.



New Guinea Cocoa

Australians are now eating chocolate manufactured from cocoa beans grown in New Guinea, Papua, and New Britain.

IT is expected that 1000 tons of cocoa beans will be exported this year. The potential annual yield from cacao trees already planted is 4000 tons. The Mandated Territories, it is estimated, could yield from 15,000 to 20,000 tons of beans a year, thousands of tons in excess of Australia's present requirements.

Pictures on these two pages were taken at "Wanaru," a cacao plantation about six miles from Lae on the Nadzab Road, by Mr. C. M. Orr, N.S.W. manager of MacRobertson's Pty. Ltd., the chocolate manufacturing firm which owns the property.

Some trees at "Wanaru," which is a 1000-acre property, were planted before the war and are now in production, but the biggest area is still being cleared or has recently been planted.

When the Japanese invaded New Guinea in World War II, the present manager, Mr. Keith Noblet, was at Bulolo, and he was one of a band of guerrilla fighters who waged a continuous warfare against them near "Wanaru."

Now the Markham Valley, scene of bitter fighting, is being cleared of its dense rain forest in parts to become one of the world's important cocoa-producing areas.

Cacao trees are not easily grown. They like

humid heat, but shun direct sunlight. The first step after clearing the forest, with its huge trees, vines, and lush undergrowth, is to plant shade trees.

The type planted at "Wanaru" and at many other cacao plantations is *leucaena glauca*. They grow rapidly and the foliage is delicate enough to allow the light to filter through, while protecting the cacao trees from direct sunlight.

VINES, which climb to the top of enormous trees, have to be hacked away to let bulldozers through when clearing operations are under way. A portion of the property, which is still undeveloped, can be reached only by crossing the Bunkin Creek by native canoes, usually made from hollowed tree trunks.

Natives who harvest the cocoa pods must be skilful in distinguishing the different species, as the pods vary in appearance when ripe. Unless the pods are quite ripe they must be thrown away.

When the beans have been taken out of the pods they are tipped into a series of fermentation vats. This is a very important step. Normally the beans remain in the first vat for two days, and are then shovelled into a second vat, and, after a similar period, into a third. Another two or two and a half days elapses before they are taken out for washing and drying.

The beans are covered with a white, glutinous substance, which disintegrates and drains off during the fermentation process.

When the cocoa beans arrive at the chocolate factory they are inspected in the laboratory, and, if up to the required standard, are sent to the roasting department, where they are cleaned, roasted, and winnowed to separate the nibs, or meat, from the shell.

These nibs then pass through grinding mills, which liquefy the mass before it is pumped to the cocoa butter presses and mixers.

In the mixers sugar, and milk if necessary, is added, with additional quantities of cocoa butter. The resulting mass is then passed through refiners and finally to conches, which round off the smoothness.

ABOVE: Cocoa beans being tipped into a fermentation vat. At "Wanaru" plantation, where these pictures were taken, fermentation has top priority.

LEFT: "Wanaru" homestead which overlooks a large part of the 1000-acre property. The mountains on the far side of the Markham River can be seen from the verandah.



LEFT: A young cacao tree showing cocoa pods in various stages. Natives who harvest the pods must be able to distinguish between species, because the ripe pods differ.



LEFT: Clearing the rain forest. A tree is being nudged by a bulldozer after a ditch has been dug round it. Trees are nudged low on the trunks.

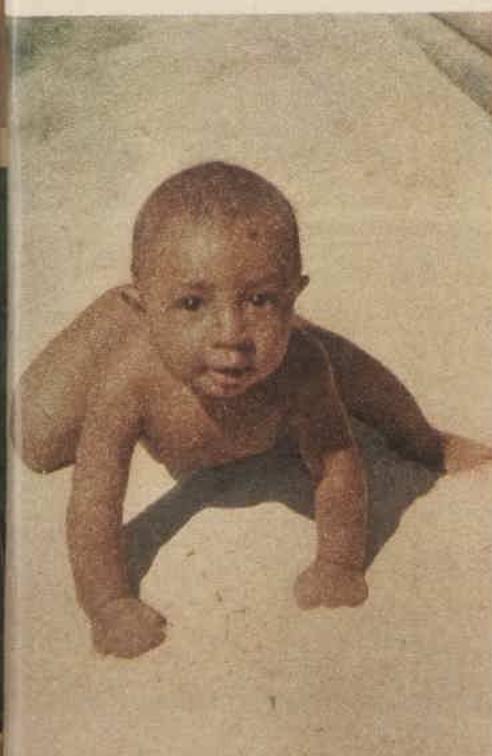
ABOVE: Thinning the shade lines. Self-soen shade trees being thinned out to be used in other areas. Rotary hoes are used for cultivating cacao.





ABOVE: "Wanaru" natives (Eraps) give a sing-sing in honor of the "No. 1 white masters bilong Mac. Robertson's bilong Australia."

RIGHT: Harvesting. Natives gathering pods pause to rest. The boy on the left is holding some cocoa beans taken from the pods.



COCOA-BEAN-BROWN, but not the export type. Already this engaging infant appreciates chocolate as much as his elders like betel nut, a mild stimulant which is very popular with the boys and Marys.



Birthday gifts for boys and girls... by "EVEREADY"



His parents gave this lucky boy a bicycle, but Sis got a kiss for contributing that colourful "Eveready" cycle lamp and matching tail-light. Remember, the Law says his bike must be equipped with both.



Birthday-time for Sue brought this streamlined beauty — a colourful-hand-bag size "Eveready" flashlight. Coming home late at night there'll be no more scares or fumbling with the keyhole.

20% more power
Brighter light... longer
life... when you use Eveready
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Type No. 3755

EVEREADY

F55-1

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amel; metal base fitted with rubber
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- Colours—cream and purple-brown.

18 GNS—Easy weekly terms available from
all "H.M.V." retailers.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"I want to look especially nice tonight.
This is my first date with Ronald, and
first impressions are so important."

MOTHER



"Hello... That the Chief of Police?
Oh, it's quite all right, thank you. I won't
be needing you after all. My little boy
has eaten up his porridge."

It seems to me

DATE of this issue, June 22, marks the shortest day, and very nice it will be to see it go by.

After that, spring seems not so far ahead. Our Italian Fashion Parades, now under way, give a cheerful preview of it and provide a happy contrast to the weather in Sydney.

It would be interesting to do some research into the drop in consumption of high-calorie foods after a spate of mannequin parades.

I feel sure that the crumple and avocado markets must suffer a slight quiver after the display of so many handspan waists.

Some of the prettiest dresses in the parade are trimmed with straw, which caused a colleague to remark thoughtfully that she had some raffia left over from tying up the dahlias.

It reminded me of the agonising hours I used to spend at school making cane and raffia baskets, at which kind relatives concealed their shudders.

Embroidering skirts might have been more inspiring, though considering the remarkably small talent I showed for handicrafts, perhaps the baskets were safer.

THE subject of fashion brings up a problem which modern mothers are encountering.

For years now they have listened to advice about keeping youthful. They diet to retain their figures, look after their complexions, and generally aim to keep middle age at bay.

The result is that sometimes it is difficult, from the back, to tell a grandmother from a teenager.

A friend of mine is now wondering whether it is all worth while.

Her figure is good, and she dearly loves smart clothes.

The other day I visited the house to hear her schoolboy son expressing strong disapproval of her new tapered velvet slacks.

"I don't even like them on YOUNG people, Mum," he was saying, as if that helped.

"I wouldn't dare to wear them outside the house," she told me. "In fact, I'm quite convinced that the children are really looking forward to seeing me look like Mother Machree in a cameo brooch and a fichu."

HAVING heard that a Sydney shoe store was displaying a pair of men's pink shoes, I went round to learn the worst.

They were pale pink, right enough, in an otherwise orthodox style, and bore a placard referring to pink as a fashion for men, but adding comfortingly: "We wish to point out that we do not sell pink shoes."

The window dresser told me he had painted them with leather lacquer as a "window stopper," with excellent results.

A few young men, intent on pulling his leg in return, enter the shop to inquire for sizes, and sometimes stay to buy real shoes.

Meanwhile, the remarks he overhears from passers-by give an assurance that masculinity, in footwear at least, is reasonably safe.



NEWS that an American is having a tomb opened in Chislehurst, England, next month to prove his theory that Christopher Marlowe wrote Shakespeare's plays provokes varying reactions.

The American is Calvin Hoffman, a drama critic. The tomb is that of Sir Thomas Walsingham, an Elizabethan nobleman, and Hoffman hopes that manuscripts may be buried with him.

The appealing thing about Hoffman's theory is that he has to surmount the accepted fact that Marlowe was dead, murdered in a tavern brawl, before most of Shakespeare's plays were written.

Hoffman's idea is that the victim wasn't Marlowe, who had to go underground for political reasons and thereafter became a ghost writer.

In this, Hoffman believes, he had the connivance of Sir Thomas Walsingham, who might have had the manuscripts buried with him.

The account I read of Hoffman's conclusions after 18 years of research made me an enthusiastic Marlovian (suitable term?), since it works out like a first-class murder mystery.

However, it does seem a slender chance that Sir Thomas' executors buried the evidence. Who would know that anyone would care over 300 years later? A bonfire would have been just as likely.

If the tomb reveals nothing it won't disprove Hoffman's theory, but public interest will die, and poor Mr. Hoffman will go back on the shelf, along with the Baconians and the others.

INTERESTING news for bald men comes from London, where a man has invented a suction cup attached to a pump which, he claims, will grow hair. I haven't the slightest idea whether this notion is sound or not. But if it is, one imagines the hair might grow in clusters, like a field of tussocky grass.

THE morale of American Army sergeants is said to be low because too many specialists and technicians have the same stripes. To cheer up the combat men, they will now have the sole right to the rank of sergeant. The others will be called "specialists."

The sergeant has his feelings though his voice is harsh and gruff.

He uses it to indicate he's made of sterner stuff.

Yet underneath he's sensitive, if outside rather rough.

Oh, sergeants once weren't numerous, though some would say enough.

But is it any wonder they're inclined to get the huff?

If everyone's a sergeant, and calls the sergeant's bluff.

Theatre tonight?

Just remember, that a shower or bath is not much protection against a few hours' close contact in a heated theatre.

Everybody perspires, some more than others. It's healthy, it's natural. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

Pleasant-tasting Chloro-
PHILLIES stop perspiration odours before they start, and a special instant-acting ingredient helps give you a sweet and wholesome breath.

Be flower-fresh in breath and body. Eat Chloro-
PHILLIES deodorant tablets daily... two for body and one for breath. It's the safe way to ensure that you're "nice" to be near.



Of course he's happy



He's a Steadiflow

Baby...

With Steadiflow he's getting the nearest to natural feeding that modern science can devise. The secret is the Steadiflow teat, designed on medical advice. Twin valves in the base and special nipple openings give an easy flow—prevent wind and colic. The Steadiflow bottle is convenient to store and carry too. More hygienic, easy to fill and clean, Steadiflow is Australia's most popular Nurser.

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Baby's Feeding Bottle

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STANDARD GLASS
5/- complete
PYREX GLASS
6/6 complete
Unbreakable Plastic
7/11 complete



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choose the De Reszke
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Both are available at a new popular price and will make De Reszke, more than ever, the choice of important people for all occasions.

Look for the different packs—Blue for Cork Tips, Red for the new Filter Tips.

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** The De Reszke Filter
Tip is Exclusive*

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Cork Tipped also available in vacuum tins of 50

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FINALE OF GALA PREMIERE. From left, Jean, Connie, Elly, Lois, Lully, Eletta, Marina (standing in doorway), Terry, Astrida, and (right) the comper, Dorothy McCulloch. The girls are holding baskets of tropical fruits and flowers which were presented to them by usherettes wearing Italian national costume.

By NAN MUSGROVE

A sophisticated audience at the gala premiere of our Italian fashion parades acclaimed the £25,000 collection of clothes created by 17 top Italian designers.

THE premiere was the first of a series of parades to be given in conjunction with David Jones Ltd., of Sydney, and was held in the Great

Restaurant of their Elizabeth Street store.

The restaurant was completely transformed for the occasion.

Guests entered through a forecourt decorated with the flags of ancient Italian craft guilds and murals of Italy's architectural wonders—the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Coliseum, the facade of St. Peter's, and many others.

Long before the premiere began, crowds gathered outside to watch the beautifully gowned guests arrive.

Before dinner, guests lingered at a buffet in the forecourt, where they were served aperitifs and more than 40 different kinds of Italian savories.

Signora Consuelo Danesi, wife of the Italian Minister to Australia, personally chose the dinner menu. It was ravioli, chicken with mushroom sauce and salad, an Italian fruit salad, and small, rich cakes and pastries with black coffee.

Italian wines accompanied the meal.

Preparation and serving of the dinner was in the hands of chef W. G. Buchan, who was chef for the State Banquet given to Queen Elizabeth during her tour of Australia.

The clothes were shown by our four Italian mannequins, Marina, Terry, Lully, and Eletta, who were associated with five leading Australian mannequins, Elly Lukas and Astrida Abelita, of Melbourne, and Lois Stevens, Connie Burgess, and Jean Newington, of Sydney.

The mannequins walked through a magnificent doo-



CONNIE in "Mermaid," blue slacks and multi-striped sweater by Emilio of Florence. Her paper straw hat and bird-of-paradise handbag caused great amusement. The accessories worn with the sports clothes were one of the highlights of the parade.

Audience acclaims gala parade



ELETTA entrances the audience as she parades in Bertoli's spectacular separates, "Bon Giorno" (Good day). Of scarlet faille and white straw, the separates have a matching umbrella and were worn with white sandals and short white gloves. All the pictures on this page were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

way on to a circular catwalk carpeted in muted pink.

The Italian mannequins had dined quietly with their duenna, Miss Heather Learmonth, before the premiere, and arrived at 8 p.m., half an hour before they were due to appear.

They were all excited and nervous. Terry was the most concerned, because the day before she had a rash which she thought might have affected her perfect complexion.

The rash was caused by eating oysters, for which she has developed a fondness since her arrival in Australia.

The first half of the parade starred the casual clothes for which Italian designers are famous.

The amusing and witty ideas of Emilio of Capri translated into sports clothes seemed to receive the most marked applause.

His "Seven Days of the Week" was wildly acclaimed as the mannequins showed this quaint notion of separates — striped, multi-colored sweaters, different colored trousers in different lengths, a skirt, and tailored jackets that combine to give a different outfit for each day of the week.

Equally as colorful as the clothes are the fantastic straw hats, baskets, and handbags worn with the casual clothes.

The mannequins were introduced individually to the capacity audience by the com-

pere, Miss Dorothy McCulloch. Waves of applause greeted each girl.

The brilliant evening of fashion at the Australian premiere climaxed five months of preparation which began when fashion experts from our London staff and David Jones Ltd. met in Italy to attend the Italian designers' Ninth Annual Fashion Festival at Florence.

The first part of the collection arrived in Sydney five weeks ago.

All the models were made in mannequin size—a perfect

34. They were kept in store until 10 days before the premiere, when the Italian mannequins arrived and rehearsals began.

The day after the successful premiere the mannequins left for showings at David Jones Ltd., Wagga Wagga.

The clothes were packed, transported, and stowed aboard the specially chartered plane which took the whole party to Wagga Wagga.

The clothes were packed in seven specially made wardrobes.

The mannequins returned

to Sydney just before the opening of the daily showings on June 15.

Parades at David Jones Ltd. will continue twice daily at 3.15 p.m. and 5.45 p.m. from June 15 to June 28, excluding Saturdays.

Bookings may be made at the booking bureau on the first floor of David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

As soon as the Sydney season ends, the mannequins begin their round-Australia tour, which starts in Brisbane on July 2 and ends in Perth on August 19.



AMONG THE GUESTS. Madame Gaspero del Corso (left), a fashion editor of "Harper's Bazaar," who is visiting Australia with her husband. Above: Miss Virginia Fuller with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turnbull.



MARISA in Simonetta of Rome's brilliant yellow day dress in pure linen called "Citrus." Accessories are white, and her hat is a charming cloche of white violets.

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AT VERY LITTLE COST

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INSTRUMENTS ARE LIGHT,
PORTABLE—CAN BE
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GRAMOPHONE . . . 31 GNS.**

A completely self-contained 3-speed portable electric gramophone that you can take with you, play and enjoy anywhere electric power is available. Now you can enjoy your favourite records (standard or microgroove) brought to life by the incomparable excellence of "H.M.V." reproduction. Now you can know the luxury of building up your own record library . . . of hearing your favourite artists any time—for a very small outlay.

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"Little Nipper"—with that vital fifth valve—Australia's lowest-priced 5-valve mantel radio . . . 21 gns.



"H.M.V. Portable"—four brilliant models priced from just 24 gns.



"H.M.V." 5-valve multi-wave Table Receiver—the outstanding radio in its class . . . 39 gns.



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EASY WEEKLY TERMS AVAILABLE FROM ALL "H.M.V." RETAILERS



KATHLEEN GORHAM (above) dances as Petrouchka during her visit to Australia last year. Right: Elaine Fifield, another Australian ballerina, with her conductor-husband John Lunchbery, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London.



Big chance for young dancers

£500 SCHOLARSHIP

We will send ballet student to famous Sadler's Wells school

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to announce that it will award a ballet scholarship of £500 to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod this year to enable a young Australian or New Zealand dancer to study overseas.

The winner will be accepted as a student at the famous Sadler's Wells ballet school in London by special arrangement with the principal, Arnold Haskell.

THE scholarship will be payable in two parts—£200 in Australia and the balance of £300 in England.

We believe the scholarship will stimulate interest in the art of ballet and encourage talented dancers.

The conditions for awarding the scholarship are as follows:

1. The contest will be open to competitors, amateur or

professional, born in Australia or New Zealand, or resident in these countries for at least four years, who have received tuition in either country.

2. The minimum age of entrants will be 15 years and the maximum 20 years, age to be stated as on the opening day of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, September 12, 1955.

3. There will be two tests of which precis must be submitted with the entry.

(a) Classical Ballet solo. Time limit, 3 minutes.

(b) Demi-character solo. Time limit, 3 minutes.

Adjudicators may also require demonstration of individual steps.

4. There will be a preliminary contest to be held in the Conservatorium, Sydney, from which four (or six) finalists will be selected to be judged in a finalists' session.

5. The winner of the highest aggregate of marks shall be winner of the contest. No protest will be allowed.

6. The winner of any year will not be eligible to enter a later year's contest.

7. Entry must be made on a special form obtainable from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, 148 Phillip Street, Sydney. Entrance fee, 12/6.

8. Adjudicators of standing and authority will be appointed to judge preliminary and final contests.

Entries should be forwarded as early as possible. The closing date is July 6, but entries will be received after that date if accompanied by a late-entry fee of 6d.

Members of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod council are enthusiastic about The Australian Women's Weekly scholarship award and consider it an important contribution to ballet in Australia.

Ballet contests were introduced into the City of Sydney Eisteddfod in 1938, but in that year the standard was so poor that the adjudicator withheld the prize in the senior championship.

Kathleen Gorham, last year acclaimed in Paris and now leading ballerina in the Borovansky Company in Australia, won her first Eisteddfod awards when she was nine.

Elaine Fifield, another Eisteddfod winner, this year achieved the honor of inclusion in the ranks of principal ballerinas of the Covent Garden Company.

Like Kathleen Gorham, Elaine studied at Sadler's Wells when she left Australia. Later, critics and audiences applauded her as a principal ballerina in Canada and U.S.A.

Other successful Eisteddfod competitors who have gone on to Sadler's Wells are Peter Brownlee and Brenda Bolton, who won the senior ballet championship in 1952.

For all these artists the Eisteddfod was the first rung in the ladder of fame, but this year The Australian Women's Weekly £500 award offers a splendid opportunity to talented dancers.

Write for entry forms to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, 148 Phillip St., Sydney. Names of adjudicators will be published before the contest takes place.

OUR IDEAL HUSBAND AND FATHER CONTEST

Win a new car with coupons

The coupon below could be worth far more than the paper it is printed on. With even others it could help win one of four Hillman Minx sedan cars which are prizes in our Ideal Husband and Father Competition.

THE cars, registered and insured for 12 months, are valued at more than £1000 each.

In our issue of May 25 we printed the first of the coupons and the rules and conditions governing entry in the competition.

In each issue since then a coupon listing four qualities has been printed.

This is No. 5 in the series of eight coupons giving the 32 qualities from which competitors will select the 12 they

consider most essential in the perfect husband and father.

With the last coupon to be published, in our issue of

July 13, we will also publish a competition entry form on which the twelve qualities must be listed by number. As well, each entry must be accompanied by the complete set of eight coupons.

The judges, all women, will then select the qualities each considers most important and these answers will be computed on the same basis as preferential voting calculations. The result obtained will be the correct answer.

COUPON No. 5

17. Shares housework

18. Good provider

19. Tolerant of in-laws

20. Takes children out.

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Perspiration odours do offend

Play safe—use MUM

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing—nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



Birthday parties are not much fun when nobody bothers with you. If only she'd spent that extra 30 seconds making sure of her personal freshness.

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

MUM keeps you nice to be near
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

M3-4/DC

Page 23

Proven effective Formula gives
**POSITIVE RELIEF
 FROM COUGHING**
 AND BRONCHIAL CONGESTION

"**NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR**
 acts 3 ways to STOP Coughing!

The successful treatment of coughs and bronchial congestion depends on three important factors. These are the expectorant, sedative and decongestant action of certain drugs. NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir is a proven, effective, dependable medicine which acts in three ways to "break" stubborn coughs, especially when the coughs are accompanied by heavy chest congestion.

The medication penetrates into the congested bronchial tubes, cuts away phlegm, soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest, brings soothing relief from irritating coughing.

NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir contains these active ingredients:—

Phenylephrine—a decongestant which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier.

Codeline—to stop irritating coughing.

Potassium Guaiacolsulphonate

Squill—Expectorants which cut away phlegm.

Ammonium Chloride

Eucalyptus

Menthol

Creosote—an internal antiseptic.

Honey—To soothe sore, inflamed tissues

Glycerin—of throat and chest.

For the safe, sure treatment of coughs, bronchitis and stubborn bronchial congestion—NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir, 6 oz., 5/6; Family Size, 9/6



STOPS IRRITATING COUGHING

Tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs accompanying colds, flu, bronchitis are quickly stopped by this modern cough formulation.

LOOSENS PHLEGM

The gentle expectorant action of NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir liquefies and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation.

REDUCES CONGESTION

Through the Phenylephrine in this well-balanced formula, NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, promotes freer breathing. The only cough formulation to contain this invaluable ingredient.

Special formula for Infants too!

This proven effective medicine is also available in a special form for infants and young children—NYAL Decongestant BABY Cough Elixir. Acts quickly. Brings soothing relief from constant coughing. Can safely be given to babies from six months. 3 oz. 3/6 6 oz. 5/6.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**Have
 WHITER TEETH
 IN 10 DAYS**

Here's a toothpaste that really cleans your teeth. Nyal Toothpaste contains a highly-activated cleansing agent designed to safely remove film and food deposits. Actually makes teeth whiter in 10 days. Clean, refreshing taste. American formula, American flavouring. All chemists.



**Soothing relief
 from Cold Sores**

To get positive, soothing relief—quickly—from cold sores and cracked lips use NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either the Cream or the Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion—2/3.

NYAL COLD SORE CREAM • LOTION

Breathe freely in 2 minutes

Here's a way to get immediate relief from nasal congestion accompanying "stuffy" head colds, flu and catarrh. Use the handy plastic atomiser containing Nyal DECONGESTANT Nasal Drops. Contains an active decongestant in an aqueous solution. No sting. Get relief anytime, anywhere. Clears nasal passages in two minutes—keeps them free for three hours. More effective than inhalers and just as convenient! 5/6.

NYAL NASAL SPRAY



Stop sore throats

You can be sure of soothing relief from sore throat with NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets. These tablets contain pure iodine in a safe, pleasant-tasting form. Slip a NYAL Iodised Throat Tablet into the mouth—the iodine it contains will quickly soothe inflamed membranes and helps to check the spread of infection. 40 tablets 1/11—60 tablets 2/8

NYAL IODISED THROAT TABLETS



Nyal

ASK FOR THESE OTHER PRODUCTS

NYAL Camphor Ice	2/-	NYAL White Pine and Tar	3/6
NYAL Corn Remover	2/3	NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin	4/6	NYAL Huskeys	1/8 2/3
NYAL Esterin Tablets	3/6		
NYAL Kidney Pills	3/6 6/6	FOR THE MEDICINE CABINET	
NYAL Nutritive Hypophosphites	4/6	NYAL Antiseptic Dressing	2/-
NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic	6/- 11/-	NYAL Antacid Powder	5/6
		NYAL Antacid Tablets B's	1/-
		NYAL Eucalypt Drops	2/6
		NYAL Eye Drops (Decongestant)	4/6
		NYAL Figgen (Regular)	2/3
		NYAL Figgen (Double Strength)	3/6
		NYAL Toothache Drops	2/3
		NYAL White Liniment	3/6 5/6
		NYAL Zinc Cream (Jars or Tubes)	2/3
		BABY NEEDS	
		NYAL Milk of Magnesia, Regular	2/6 4/6
		NYAL Milk of Magnesia, Sweet	2/6 4/6
		NYAL Santonettes (Worm Tablets)	3/6
		NYAL Soothing Syrup	2/6
		NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic	5/6
		NYAL Worm Syrup (with Santonin)	2/6
		NYAL Piperazine Worm Elixir	9/6
		NYAL Baby Soap	1/4
		NYAL Baby Oil	3/6
		NYAL Baby Powder	2/4 4/6
		NYAL Baby Powder Bear	9/6

Sold by all Chemists

MARLON BRANDO, the young man here, is a tenant in the Carnegie Hall Studios—New York apartments attached to the famous American concert hall.



Home of eccentrics and geniuses

Whenever famous film star Marlon Brando gets tired of Hollywood and walks out—which is about every three months or so—he usually makes for his New York apartment.

He feels comfortable there, he says, because nobody questions his right to play African drums all night long, and he can sleep for a week (which he has been known to do before now) without anyone calling the police.

The Marlon Brando apartment in New York is situated in Carnegie Hall Studios.

"There are more geniuses working next to half-wits up here," said a companion of mine when we went to have a look at it recently, "than in any other block of studios in the whole world."

We were standing at the corner of 57th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, looking up at the great mass of buildings around Carnegie Hall, where all the leading New York concerts take place.

"Young hopefuls come to this building from all over the world," my companion said, "to dance, to sculpture, to paint, to learn to act. Some of them become world-famous and leave. Others just stay on if they can afford it—and some for another break."

"And where do the halfwits go into all this?"

Strange ideas

"He," he said, "there are always phonies in the arts who prefer acting the part to doing any real work. Such a person has tremendous attractions. Carnegie Hall Studios is a lot of those people. And I'm not speaking of Brando when I say that. He's different, something of a genius, hard-working when he works, and he's very rich. And he feels at home."

Carnegie Hall Studios appear to have been built for people with strange ideas.

It started out as just another block of flats, but a procession of temperamental tenants with (like Brando) unique views on how life should be lived, and (again like Brando) a 100 per cent determination to go about liv-

ing it in their own way has changed all that over the years.

The lifts creak and sometimes stop for long periods between floors. Because it is built on a slight incline, the sixth floor somehow impinges without warning on to the seventh by means of a small ramp.

The directory of names in the small lobby is neat enough with all the numbers in sequence, but anyone foolhardy enough to believe that board and follow its directions is in for a rough time.

Tenants who have been there for a long period and then move to another floor usually like to take their own numbers along with them. Nobody in authority seems to mind, so that Studio Ten is apt to be next door to Studio 38, and Studio 24 may be on the fourth floor this week and somewhere else in the months to come.

"They do say," said my companion, "that when an actor gets lost in New York they send out search parties through Carnegie Hall Studios."

It is the eccentrics, of course, who are remembered best of all.

Down in the booking office they still reminisce about "The Earthworm" who had his own ideas on the modern dance. For months he worked in his little studio on "The Earthworm Dance" and tried to get some management to allow him to give a public performance.

The dance consisted of crawling through holes in sacks painted to resemble the earth. There was no music. "The Earthworm" said he made his own music as he went along, in a key that nobody could hear.

On the fourth floor there once worked a lady who came in punctually at nine, took the lift to her studio, took off her coat, rearranged the chairs around her, and then sang opera to 'nobody until midday.

Then she bowed to herself,

By
IAN SHACKELTON,
in New York

put on her coat again, locked up, and went home. This went on for 23 years.

In its time there have been sword-swallowers, fortune-tellers, hard-working artists, and vegetarians at work on books all in the same studio.

There is no strict rule about sub-letting. You just sub-let.

And in addition to these, there are, of course, the real hard-working actors to whom this place is home.

Since the studios were opened the American Academy of Dramatic Art has had its headquarters there, and the register at the Academy holds some of the most famous names in American theatrical and film history.

Thousands of actors and actresses, fresh from the small towns and burning with ambition to make good, have first learned to walk, talk, and open stage doors gracefully in this strange building.

Famous students

AMONG them are Spencer Tracy, Jennifer Jones, Lauren Bacall, and Cecil B. De Mille, and, of course, Marlon Brando, who has now returned as a tenant.

The cranks get along with the workers without causing any difficulty to the management.

"Everybody minds their own business here," they tell you in the little office, and they say it with the polite hint that you should mind yours, too. "As long as people pay their rent, it's no business of ours."

That is why Marlon Brando feels at home. He knows he will be left alone.

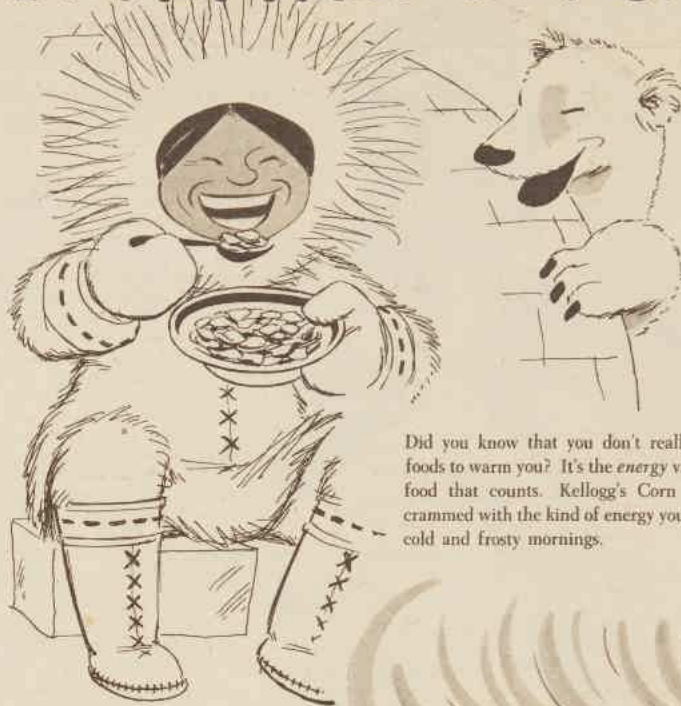
He likes taking his food out of tins. He has, they say, no more than two suits.

When he wants a clean shirt, he stuffs the dirty one in a studio drawer and goes out and buys another.

He invites few people into his studio.

One man who did penetrate the hinterland was a vacuum-cleaner salesman. Appalled by the clutter, which even by Carnegie Hall standards is intense, he said afterwards: "Mr. Brando doesn't need a vacuum-cleaner—what he wants is a bulldozer."

WINTER'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN



Did you know that you don't really need hot foods to warm you? It's the energy value in your food that counts. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are crammed with the kind of energy you need these cold and frosty mornings.

Wake 'em up with this

FRESH LIVELY FLAVOUR

Just to think of Kellogg's Corn Flakes makes your mouth begin to water! No other breakfast cereal gives so much flavour, with so much deep-down goodness to bring such a pleasant winter-morning glow.

Nutrition experts say that one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes (with hot or cold milk) plus fresh fruit and toast, provide one-third of your daily food needs. There's built-in warmth and energy in every crunchy, golden flake. 24 big breakfasts in every large packet... and compare the cost per serve with eggs, bacon or meat! No greasy grillers or messy pots and pans either! Better get two packets!

FREE! New
Funny Face Masks
on back panels!



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

CF54 3

Don't let your hands say
'Housework'!

SOFTASILK PREVENTS

- ✓ Rough red hands
- ✓ Dryness caused by harsh washing soaps
- ✓ Wind and weather chapping
- ✓ Coarse elbows
- ✓ Hard skin on palms and fingers



Your hands need the rich, protective oils that neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and the chapping caused by wind and weather. Use fragrant creamy Softasilk after every household task and see how your hands stay soft as silk!

COLGATE
Softasilk
PALMOLIVE
HAND BEAUTY CREAM
It's handier in a tube... keep it handy!

SPARKLING DRINK
ends
stomach
upsets



refreshes you
while it does you good!

Eno is a mild but most efficient antacid—never causes an upset, but gives quick, positive relief from acid indigestion, flatulence and heartburn. That's because of Eno's special buffering antacid action. When someone over-eats—or eats something that doesn't "agree"—Eno helps to put things right again. And Eno is so exhilarating and refreshing to drink! It does you good just to see it sparkle in the glass! In 8 seconds it makes you feel better. Not just your stomach, your mouth, too!



ENO
SPARKLING ANTACID
'FRUIT SALT'

The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered Trade Marks.

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Thanks to many readers for their letters to this page. I very much appreciate their good wishes, but unfortunately I am unable to answer any letters personally.

HERE is this week's batch:

"Although I am not a teenager, my problem might also be one of theirs a little later on. I have not had much experience of home-living, and now that I am starting a home of my own I find I am facing little problems as to etiquette. My husband and I shall be moving into a house in a Sydney suburb, and my friend tells me I should be prepared for calls from the neighbors. Should any of them call, I assume I should offer them afternoon tea. Should I return their calls without being asked, or do I wait until they suggest a day?"
Mary C., Sydney.

Most of this formal call-paying has died out, so you don't need to be too fearful. Here's a plan of action: Offer them tea—even if they call in the morning. When they visit you they're sure to invite you to visit them, so ask them what day and make the arrangement on the spot.

(I don't mean that you should stand over them. Say something like, "Yes, I'd like to. Would it suit you to make a time now or will you ring me?")

When you go there, ask them to visit you again. If you like them, try to make friendships in which there's very little formality.

If you don't care much for them, stick to the usual social basis of "They had me last time, I'd better ask them this time."

"HAVING lost my mother some time ago I don't like to ask anyone I know the following points on wedding procedure I'm not sure of. Is it correct to send invitations to my fiancé's parents, the bridesmaids, and the best man? I do not want to make a mistake about this."
"Most Anxious," Melbourne.

Yes, send invitations to all the people you mention.



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, gives her pet cookie recipe. From one mixture she makes approximately four dozen cookies in three varieties.

THREE-WAY COOKIES

- Eight ounces butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, 1 egg, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, cup coconut, ½ cup sultanas or currants.
1. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla.
 2. Add egg, beat well.
 3. Work in sifted flour and salt, making a stiff mixture.
 4. Divide into three even portions.
 5. Using one portion, place spoonfuls (the size of a golf ball) on a greased oven-tray.
 6. Press peel into top of each cookie.
 7. Mix coconut with second portion and sultanas or currants with third portion.
 8. Place spoonfuls on greased trays.
 9. Bake cookies in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.
 10. Allow to cool on trays. When cold, store in airtight jars or tins.

Many brides these days don't bother sending them to their bridesmaids because it seems excessive when the girls are such close friends or relations. But it's correct to send invitations to them as well as to everyone else.

"MY skin tends towards slight dryness, and as I am only 16 this worries me. My skin is rather good, so I am dubious about using any cream without first seeking advice. I have tried olive oil, but found to my distress that this made tiny hairs appear on my face. Could you recommend a remedy for the fault?"

"Worried," Charters Towers, Qld.

Go along and tell your favorite chemist that because your skin is rather dry you want a light and not expensive face cream. A 16-year-old skin doesn't want thick or heavy cream, and certainly nothing like olive oil.

Don't be too distrustful of cosmetics. They may not make you beautiful overnight, as proprietors of some brands seem to imply, but a lot of

laboratory workers are employed to make them do a good job.

So much for the dryness. As for the hair, leave it well alone.

Olive oil does encourage hair to grow in this way, but you can be sure you had some tiny hairs on your face before you used the oil. You've probably been examining your face closely for the first time and have only recently noticed them.

Every skin has tiny hairs. If you could examine other skins as closely as you have been examining your own you would see them.

No one bothers much about them. Sunbaking makes these hairs grow, too, but so far as I know this has never deterred a beach girl.

"I WOULD love to have a penfriend with whom I might swap books. I am 16, I play hockey, and I would like a penfriend with a bit of go in her."

Judith Laker, 35 Watercall Ave., Coventry, Warwickshire, England.

DISC DIGEST

THOSE who don't care a hoot about modern trends but just like the good old tunes simply played should spin Guy Lombardo's LP called "Lombardoland" on CFR10-528. Sure, he plays sweet, but I know lots of folk who will like his smooth playing, with vocals, of "Red Roses for a Blue Lady," "Everywhere You Go," "June in January," "Swinging on a Star," "Gianina Mia," "A Dream," "Symphony," and "My Heart Sings."

IT'S a grand change to come across a record that is thoroughly controversial. I thought it horrible—many, many people will enjoy it no end—so I guess it's a case of all kinds making a world. The very things I disliked about Hank Williams' LP record (MGM-01-119) might be just what will appeal to those who like sentiment and homespun philosophy. Hank sings as "Luke the Drifter" (that's part of the title) and I assume it's a radio character. Like

most Western-style songs this batch is very lugubrious. The titles speak for themselves: "Pictures From Life's Other Side," "Men With Broken Hearts," "Help Me Understand," "Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals," "Be Careful of Stones That You Throw," "I Dreamed About Mom Last Night," "The Funeral," and "Beyond the Sunset."

RUSTIC songs in a much more cheerful style are to be found on a 45 r.p.m. disc (XP45-583) called "Mountain Music." Although it is strongly American in feeling, this one hails from Sweden, recorded by Charles Norman and His Texas Cowboys. The four tunes on this extended play record are "Frog Face Bill," "Texas Square Dance," "James Point," and "Playing on the Zither." The whole effect is bright and vigorous, and I think those who collect Westerns will get a lot of fun, particularly from the square dance. —BERNARD FLETCHER

FUTURE T.V. STAR



4 years old—but a pop vocalist, and a lively stepper on a concert stage! Tiny Dianne Lee, of Mentone, Victoria, is well equipped for a big future in Australian television. "Singing and dancing come easy to Dianne because she's so happy and healthy," says her mother. "We make sure we keep her that way with Vegemite every day."

Your child deserves the firm body tissues, healthy nerves, good digestion and clear skin provided by a fresh supply of vitamin B₁, B₂, and Nicotin every day. Vegemite is rich in these essential vitamins because it's a pure yeast extract. Vegemite—made by Kraft.

Here's the BACKACHE



Where's the SLOAN'S

The persistent dull ache of a strained, aching back and the jabbing pains of lumbago are quickly eased by the pain-relieving warmth of Sloan's Liniment. Also stops pain of bruises, sprains, joint aches. Just pat it on.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT 2/9**
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to dislodge through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

HAS YOUR CHILD GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: Itchy nose, turned tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, fever, loss of sleep, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

ESQUIRE'S HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

By The Editors of "Esquire." To look at this book is to wish it. To skim through its hundreds of delicious recipes is to know that MUST have it. Price 22/6. From all Booksellers.



Especially for YOU! Napro's new and
ever so easy key to thrilling hair loveliness

Napro TINT CREAM

THE RECONDITIONING HAIR DYE WITHOUT PARAPHENYLENE-DIAMINE

**So Easy
TO APPLY**

Napro Tintcream, perfected for you by hair-wise Napro Chemists, benefits your hair two ways. First the wide variety of shades enhances the natural colour and charm of your hair. Second the tonic effect of the reconditioning ingredients leaves the hair clean, healthy and agleam with highlights, without the slightest trace of surface greasiness.

**So Easy
TO CORRECT**

It is so simple to arrive at the exact degree of colour you desire for your hair. All the ten basic shades can be intermixed, to give every possible shade from Dark Reddish Brown to Honey Blonde and Dark Ash Blonde. Another wonderful advantage of Napro Tintcream is that it will dye hair one shade lighter than its original colour without prior bleaching.

**So Easy
TO CONTROL**

You'll be thrilled with the creamy consistency of Napro Tintcream. It will not run and stays where it is wanted. No special knowledge is necessary to transform your hair with professional skill. Instructions with each tube of Tintcream are complete and easy to follow. And, above all, Tintcream will not stain the scalp or skin if removed while fresh.

10 Basic shades blend to the exact shade you desire!

First select your basic shade, then follow the detailed blending table in the instruction leaflet.

No. 21 Black	No. 24½ Golden Brown
No. 22 Dark Brown	No. 25 Auburn
No. 23 Rich Brown	No. 26 Ash Blonde
No. 24 Brown	No. 28 Blonde
No. 24½ Light Brown	No. 29 Nordic Blonde

Then follow the detailed blending table in the instruction leaflet.

Napro Tintcream is available now from your favourite Chemist, Store or Beauty Salon.

N.101.FP



The darling of every woman's wardrobe

Beautifully soft, beautifully fashioned, beautifully finished, this lovely, fine-knit twinset comes from the wide range of Morley classic knitwear.



Always look for the name **MORLEY**

L. & R. MORLEY LIMITED, 1 WOOD STREET, LONDON, E.C.2, ENGLAND
AGENTS: C. J. GERARD PTY. LTD., 67 YORK STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
H. T. WATSFORD, 232 FLINDERS LANE, MELB. VIC.

Working Wives



Mrs. J. Baker, of 22 Lane Cove Road, Ryde, N.S.W., a secretary before her marriage, has two children, Denise, aged 10, and Marilyn, aged 8. She has now gone back to work to save enough money to give them a university education.

ACCENT ON HANDS IN MANY JOBS

Good housewife, Mrs. Baker, interviewed at her desk yesterday, says: "Any housewife can manage a job as well—and there are lots offering. But just remember this! Rough, washday hands have no place in the business world. How do I do my washing and still keep my hands well groomed? I use Persil, as you can tell by the snowy, Persil-white blouse I'm wearing. I advise all working wives to use Persil, too. Its gentle suds get the clothes a wonderful colour and keep your hands soft and smooth as well."

Worth Reporting

A S E N T I M E N T A L relic of Queen Alexandra, beautiful wife of Edward VII, will be on view to the British public this month when the grounds of Marlborough House are open to the public for the first time since the 1930's.

It is a pet's cemetery, hidden from the main lawns of Marlborough House by a shrubbery.

There, standing in a semi-circle, are nine small tombstones, each bearing a carved inscription telling of the gentle queen's grief for her dead pets.

Three of the tombstones have glass-covered pictures of little dogs in Queen Alexandra's arms.

The two-day opening of the grounds of Marlborough House, home of Queen Mary and one-time home of Queen Alexandra, is part of the Commonwealth Exhibition to commemorate the Royal tour.

Other Royal Gardens on view this summer include Sandringham and the Duchess of Kent's home, Coppins.

Plenty of time for shopping

A N official report states that Sydney city traffic moves at an average rate of six miles an hour, but in view of a recent occurrence we wonder if traffic authorities have over-estimated the "speed."

Travelling on a Castlereagh Street tram, Englishman Boyce Preston watched a fellow passenger leap off the tram as it came to a standstill between stops.

Before it started again the same man was back in his seat clutching a packet of cigarettes. A block farther, the passenger once more leapt off the tram and vanished into a shop.

Presently he returned. "It's a pretty good tram service," he commented as he eased himself into his seat. "I've done all my shopping since I got aboard at Central Railway."



"I sent the dog in to wake up your father. Now, will you go in and—"

Food on the intercom.

W E dropped in to the opening of Sydney's newest Continental coffee lounge at King's Cross, and found our host was handsome Czech Emil Carppi, formerly a popular waiter at a leading city restaurant.

Emil himself made most of the furniture for the new coffee lounge, and has introduced a new attraction for customers—inter-table telephones, an idea he brought with him from Prague.

By lifting the receiver and pressing a button a diner can order a special dish from the kitchen or request a dance with a friend at the other end of the room.

Emil was so busy with preparations for the opening that he hadn't much time to worry about spelling.

The menu included such items as "Horse d'Ordever," "Prawn Cocktail," "Lamb cutlets," "Beef Stroganov," and "Ham Amulet."

GREATER truth in advertising

A Sydney flat with "harbor peeps" is offered as "permanent to December."

There is a shop which displays a notice which reads: "Hot" spring rolls, 2/-.

A leading store boasting cosmetic sales invites customers to accept free advice from their beauty experts, urging them to "take this chance now."

Water with a pretty stink

B U Y I N G a bottle of perfume for her New Guinea houseboy set a problem for Mrs. Ken Croker, of Port Moresby, when she visited Melbourne recently.

"All the houseboys love gambling on a card game they call 'Lucky,'" Mrs. Croker said. "They have great faith in lucky smells."

"Before I left Port Moresby my houseboy, Gouma, asked me, 'You bring back bottle that water she stink pretty for me?'"

"He wanted a bottle of a well-known brand of perfume I had up there. I'd used all the perfume, so Gouma filled the empty bottle with water and sprinkled it on himself before a card game."

"He happened to win that night, so he gave full credit to the 'smell' he'd taken with him. Soon afterwards someone stole his bottle of 'pretty stink' and he's been losing at cards ever since."

"My problem is this: the manufacturers of that particular brand of perfume have changed the shape of the bottles, and I know another shape just won't fill the bill."

Novel English lessons

E N G L I S H seems still to be far and away the most popular foreign language in France.

French newspaper advertisements are offering for the equivalent of 30/- a course of "English in three novels."

The advertisement tells how "all you have to do is read three thrilling novels. Every word, every difficulty is explained as the reading goes on."

More conventional textbooks on English grammar sell ten times more quickly than textbooks on other languages.

Nearly every shop on the main streets in Paris displays the notice "English spoken." One shop is honest enough to inform passers-by "English spoken—more or less."

Road Safety car winner

W E are pleased to announce the winner of the elimination contest for the eighth Hillman Minx car and the extra set of Olympic tyres to be awarded in our Road Safety Contest.

He is Mr. E. Buckler, 84 Edgar St., Kingsford, N.S.W.

The seven previous winners were announced in our May 18 issue, but the eighth placing was undecided because 12 people tied with entries of equal merit.

To determine the winner from among these twelve the judges asked them to select from the remaining 24 of the 32 possible suggestions for road safety the eight they thought would make the next best entry.

Mr. F. L. Ley, the Acting Commonwealth Electoral Officer in Sydney, sent the list

of the judges' eight next preferences to us.

The eleven people who tied for eighth place with Mr. Buckler in the original competition are:

Mr. D. A. K. Ferguson, 4 The Avenue, Rose Bay, N.S.W.
Miss Eril Mune, "Yalanoro," Mundulla, S.A.

Mr. J. Jarrett, Mount Burrell, Tweed River, N.S.W.

Mr. S. E. McTaggart, Box 184, Grafton, N.S.W.

Mr. T. J. Bowman, 27 Graham Rd., Highett, Vic.

Mrs. R. Sinden, 32 Cross St., Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

Mr. A. H. Shepherd, 59 Hampstead Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Mrs. K. G. Mason, 132 Nixon St., Shepparton, Vic.

Miss Phyllis Langley, Kalyra Sanatorium, Belair, S.A.

Mr. F. Tuckwell, Beresford Terrace, Coorparoo, Old.

Mr. M. J. Sturgess, Henson Rd., Salisbury, Old.

The suggestions placed after the first eight by the judges were:

9. Stricter police supervision of pedestrians, particularly jay-walkers. (No. 25.)

10. More rigid driving tests for car drivers' and motor cyclists' licences. (No. 16.)

11. Maximum speed limit of 50 miles per hour on country roads. (No. 7.)

12. Drivers' hand signals to be made uniform throughout Australia. (No. 6.)

13. Road Safety instruction for adolescents through churches, youth organisations, etc. (No. 13.)

14. Special training courses for "learner" motor-cyclists. (No. 18.)

15. Gradual elimination of railway level crossings. (No. 9.)

16. Compulsory equipping of bicycles with headlamps, braking device, tail-light, bell, etc. (No. 10.)



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TRIO AT THE PONY STALLS are Brooke Weston (left), of "Whitwell," Wellington, Toompang B team member Michael Bolger, of "Clover Hill," Young, and Jillian Litchfield, of "Hazeldean," Cooma. Both girls wore gay jumpers and pleated skirts.



AT THE BUFFET DINNER and dance given by the matrons of Goulburn at St. Saviour's Hall are Judy Hagon, of "Greendale," Canowindra, and Gordon Dowling, of "Milo," Young.

Dudley Cup POLO CARNIVAL

GOLBURN was a popular rendezvous for polo enthusiasts last week, when the prospect of an exciting three days' play in the Countess of Dudley Cup Polo Tournament attracted hundreds of visitors to the city.

Early each morning a procession of cars headed for the polo grounds at "Springfield" — property of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown — which is about eleven miles out of Goulburn.

And Mr. and Mrs. Maple-Brown not only saw the home team defeat Mudgee to win the Cup for the first time since 1935, they had the added pleasure of watching their son Jim lead Goulburn to victory.

Other members of the team were Dick Kelly, Jim and Digby Bell — one of Digby's ponies, Beatrice, won the award for the best polo pony at the tournament.

IT'S almost tradition for the Dudley Cup to be played in freezingly cold, wet weather — and for the first day it seemed that this year was going to be just the same.

Well rugged-up, spectators sighed as they saw the overcast skies, and the pessimists predicted rain. But for the final two days the sun came out of its temporary retirement, and the Goulburnites looked proud and said "isn't this perfect weather?"

CASUAL clothes were the order of the day ("It's too cold to dress up," said the women), and everyone went on to a series of parties after the matches each day. There, spectators were able to congratulate—or commiserate—with the players, and to discuss prospects for the final.

FESTIVITIES wound up with a flourish with a monster barbecue on the last day. With the fate of the Cup decided, the 800 guests could relax, and, after the barbecue, they danced in the "Springfield" woolshed till the early hours of the morning.

The Wellington A team—winners of the Garvan Cup, played by teams defeated in the first round of the Dudley Cup— took their cup, champagne-filled, to the barbecue.

FOR President of the New South Wales Polo Association Frank Bragg and Mrs. Bragg, of "Rossdale," Aberdeen, the polo tournament was the beginning of their travels. At Goulburn they were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Pope, of "Gundary Plains." Before Mr. and Mrs. Bragg return home in about ten days they plan to visit relatives at Cootamundra and Wodonga, Victoria.

THE proverbial country hospitality lived up to its name at the polo, and Goulburn folk opened their doors wide to visitors. Hosts and hostesses included Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown (he is president of the Goulburn Polo and Picnic Race Club), Brigadier and Mrs. George Hurst, of "Larkhill," Sue Teakle, of "Holmbv," Lake Bathurst, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prell, of Crookwell.

WARMLY fashion-wise Mrs. George Osborne's Fair Isle cap and gloves (the cap complete with ear-flaps) . . . Joan Allen's black-and-white checked snowboots . . . the loose, suede jackets worn by Judy Hagon (in topaz), Pam Miller (in geranium-red), and Sue Teakle (in forest-green).

Anne



BARBECUING steaks for lunch at the polo are (from left) Tony Maurice, of "Gillinghall," Wellington, Liddy Chandler, of St. Mary's, Jenny Prell, of "Ahgunyah," Crookwell, and Jim Kiss, of "Currawarra," Wellington. Tony captained the Garvan Cup-winning Wellington A team.




MUDGEY PLAYER David Loneragan, of "Woodlands," Pyramul, talks to his wife before the beginning of play in the Dudley Cup final, when Goulburn defeated Mudgee 7-1.



DISCUSSING the finer points of polo are Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown, Mr. Maple-Brown, and their four-year-old son, Richard. Mr. Maple-Brown captained Goulburn, who won the Dudley Cup from Mudgee in a hard-fought match.



POLO SPECTATORS. Sitting on a pile of logs in the luncheon enclosure at "Springfield" are (from left) Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin with their daughter Celia, Mrs. John Minter, of "Kahlua," Bowral, and her daughter Diana.



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Film Fan Fare

Special
enlarged
section

The mink-and-champagne days look like coming back for British film stars.

AFTER years of living one jump ahead of the man, every actress of screen promise is being snapped up by the studios and rushed to sign a long-term contract.

This will give them security, their choice of mink from the wardrobes to wear at premieres, a huge publicity campaign aimed at building them up as front-line stars, a bureau to handle their fanmail, a gymnasium and massage service where they can limber up, all drama coaching they are willing to take, and first preference for any parts coming in new films.

Film magnate Arthur Rank,

as usual, leads the new crusade by British film companies to sign fresh talent.

Australia's Peter Finch heads the list of new contract stars whose careers will now benefit by a big publicity build-up and steady casting. New highly potential leading men include Clive Brook's son, Lyndon Brook (who played the young navigator in "The Purple Plain"), and David Knight, romantic star of "The Young Lovers."

To add to this there is a whole stable of beautiful feminine leads-of-the-future. Heading the new stars put under contract is Eunice Gayson, the loveliest brunette yet to become a British T.V. star.

Virginia McKenna, billed

as the "girl with inner fire," and now taking a holiday from films with an excursion into Shakespeare at the Old Vic—she is playing Rosalind in "As You Like It"—was snapped up for a contract as soon as producers saw the rushes of her performance in the Mau-Mau film "Simba."

The same thing happened to red-headed Jean Carson, sensational British musical-comedy discovery of "As Long As They're Happy."

When British Lion, with a string of stars under contract, went into the hands of the receivers, a newly formed company called Shepperton Productions, with magnate Sir Alexander Korda exerting a guiding hand, took over the contracts of Australia's Diane Cilento, Margaret Leighton, Kenneth More, the promising young Denholm Elliott, and the villainous Stanley Baker.

Associated British are wallowing in the possession of Audrey Hepburn's signature to a long-standing contract. They have never released her to Hollywood; the pictures she has made in California have been "on hire."

The same company has Richard Todd—also now filming in Hollywood—and have signed up the lovely teenager Janette Scott and her new leading man in "First Love," Vernon Gray.

There are three others who are tipped for big stardom within eighteen months—tall, dark, quiet George Baker (now leading opposite Diane Cilento in "The Woman for Joe"), good-looking John Fraser, and dark, sultry Yvonne Furneaux.

—Bill Strutton



MOST GLAMOROUS of the new stars signed by the Rank Organisation is lovely Belinda Lee (above), cast to star with comedian Norman Wisdom in "Man of the Moment."



GEORGE BAKER, tall and dark star of "The Ship that Died of Shame," following "The Dambusters," is now filming opposite Diane Cilento in "The Woman for Joe."



CHARMING Eunice Gayson, who has been given a long-term Rank contract, will be seen soon in Ealing's drama "Out of the Clouds."



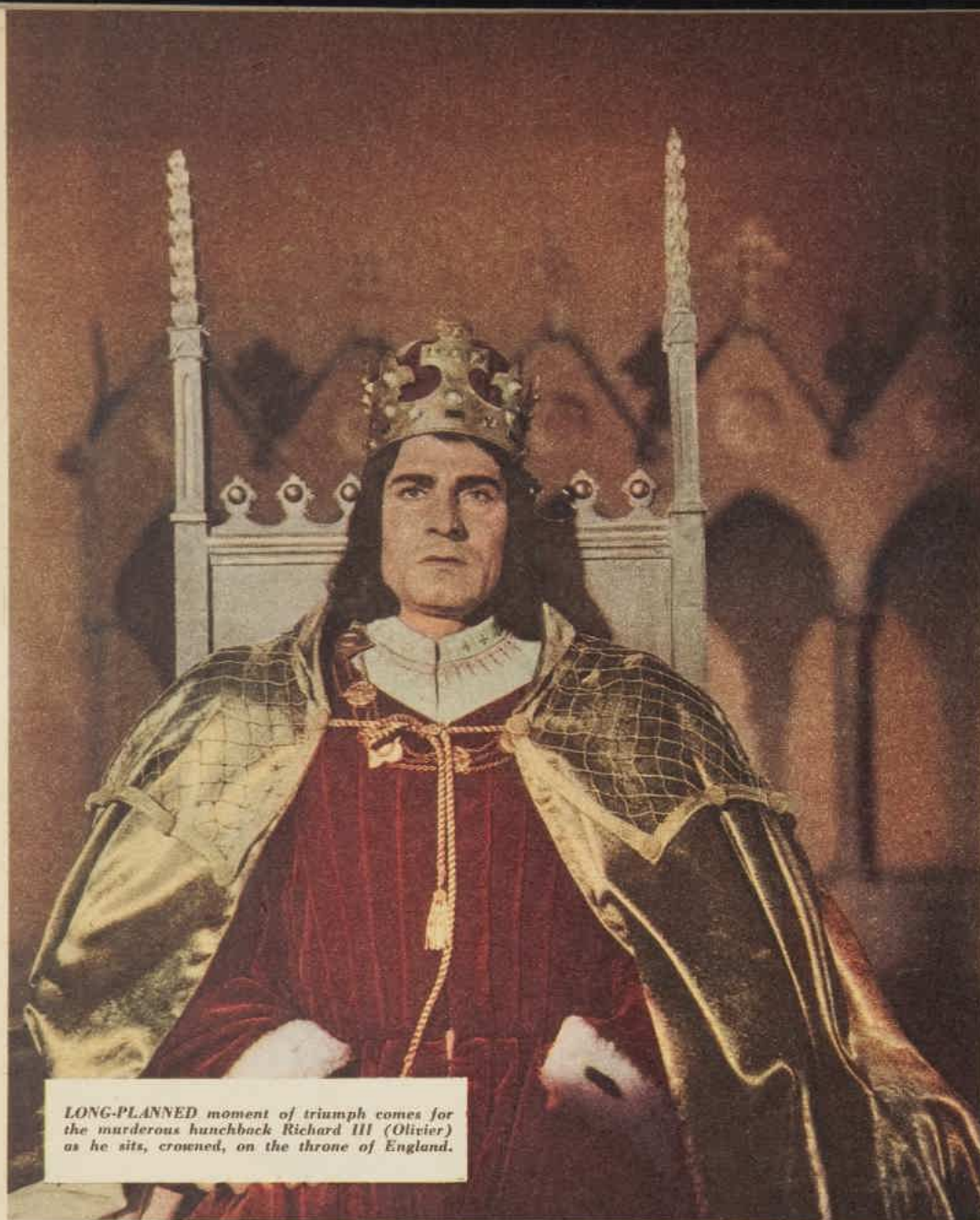
SON of actor Clive Brook, handsome Lyndon Brook won critics' praise in "The Purple Plain." His next is "Above Us the Waves."



LEADING new actress Virginia McKenna, who has already been chosen to play opposite Australian Peter Finch in "A Town Like Alice."



YOUNG American David Knight is a new-comer who will be built up by British films. He stars with French actress Olyde Versois in the new film "The Young Lovers."



LONG-PLANNED moment of triumph comes for the murderous hunchback Richard III (Olivier) as he sits, crowned, on the throne of England.



VILLAINOUS PLOT to usurp the throne from the young king, the ruthless Duke of Gloucester (Olivier) and his loyal followers.

Richard III

● Heralded as one of Britain's last finest and most spectacular Renaissance prestige films, this VistaVision production of Shakespeare's historical drama "Richard III" features four knights, Sir...



ABOVE. Richard III and his army advance across historic Bosworth Field to meet the challenging forces of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

RIGHT. The Duke of Gloucester (Olivier) pretends friendship to the two little princes whom he is about to imprison in the Tower of London.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — june 22, 1955



...Duke of Wales (Paul Huson, watching) is hatched between
...loyal and supporter Buckingham (Sir Ralph Richardson).



...Laurie Olivier, Sir Ralph
...Richardson, Sir Cedric Hard-
...wicke, and Sir John Gielgud.
...st was produced by London
...films in association with Laur-
...Olivier Productions.



CLAIRE BLOOM as Lady Anne, the tragic
young widow who, against her will, loves and
marries Gloucester, her husband's murderer.



FLANKED by the Duke of Norfolk (John Phillips), Richard, Duke of Gloucester (Olivier), and the Duke
of Buckingham (Richardson), Edward IV (Hardwicke), prepares to leave Westminster Abbey after
his coronation. In the centre of the Abbey stands doomed the Duke of Clarence (Gielgud).

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Page 34

Talking of Films

★ Prince of Players

TO enjoy "Prince of Players" to the full, 20th Century-Fox's sugar-plum dramatisation of the life of famous American Shakespearean actor Edwin Booth, you need an appetite for large slices of Shakespeare and the ability to digest unlimited sentimentality.

Style and taste in production and direction are lacking in this rich De Luxe color, widescreen period tearjerker.

Former Old Vic actor Richard Burton, as the great Edwin Booth, has an unparalleled opportunity to indulge in the Shakespearean actor's better-known showpieces. If his interpretation is more post-Olivier than true to the Booth era, it still has the virtues of force and vividness.

Maggie McNamara, as Booth's adored wife, Mary, is charming and delightfully different to look at. But with her

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

small-town voice and manner of delivery it is hardly fair to ask her to speak Juliet's immortal words.

Veteran actor Raymond Massey plays the role of Booth, sen., the first of the Shakespearean acting dynasty big and broad — no doubt as Booth would himself.

In smaller roles there are Charles Bickford, as Edwin Booth's manager and friend Elizabeth Sellers, as the Booths' sister, and John Derek as John Wilkes Booth, Edwin's political hothead brother, who assassinated Abraham Lincoln.

In Sydney — Century.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "Prince of Players," biographical drama, CinemaScope De Luxe color, starring Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara, John Derek. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Colditz Story," P.O.W. escape drama, starring Eric Portman, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Belles of St. Trinians," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole. Plus "Conflict of Wings," Eastmancolor drama, starring John Gregson, Muriel Pavlow, Kieron Moore.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in Metrocolor, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "Jedda," Gevacolor Australian drama, starring Ngila Kunoth, Robert Tudawali. Plus ★ "Mission Over Korea," war drama, starring John Hodiak, John Derek.

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "Carmen Jones," CinemaScope color Negro musical drama, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Black Widow," suspense drama in color and CinemaScope, starring Ginger Rogers, Van Heflin, Gene Tierney, George Raft. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Wages of Fear," drama, French and English dialogue, with English sub-titles, starring Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Six Bridges to Cross," drama, starring Tony Curtis, Julia Adams, George Nader. Plus ★ "Smoke Signal," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Dana Andrews, Piper Laurie, Rex Reason.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"West of Zanzibar," technicolor African adventure, starring Anthony Steel, Sheila Sim. Plus "Steel Key," mystery, starring Terence Morgan, Joan Rice.

LYRIC.—"The Law Versus Billy the Kid," technicolor Western, starring Brett King, Barbara Lawrence. Plus "Fatal Night," mystery, starring Lester Ferguson, Jean Short.

PALACE.—"I, the Jury," thriller, starring Dick Elliott, Preston Foster, Peggy Castle. Plus "Donovan's Brain," thriller, starring Lew Ayres, Gene Evans, Nancy Davis, Steve Brodie.

PARIS.—"The Bed" ("Le Lit"), French and English dialogue omnibus film, starring Richard Todd, Martine Carol, Vittorio de Sica, Dawn Addams. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Apache," technicolor Western, starring Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters, John McIntyre. Plus "Diamond," mystery, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Phillip Friend, Margaret Sheridan.

PRINCE EDWARD. (Could start Saturday.)—"The Seven Little Foys," technicolor VistaVision musical, starring Bob Hope, Milly Vitale. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Bedevilled," Eastmancolor CinemaScope drama, starring Anne Baxter, Steve Forest. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—"Captain Lightfoot," technicolor CinemaScope romantic adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush, Jeff Morrow, Kathleen Ryan, Finlay Currie. Plus "Naked Alibi," drama, starring Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.



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he wants to hold..

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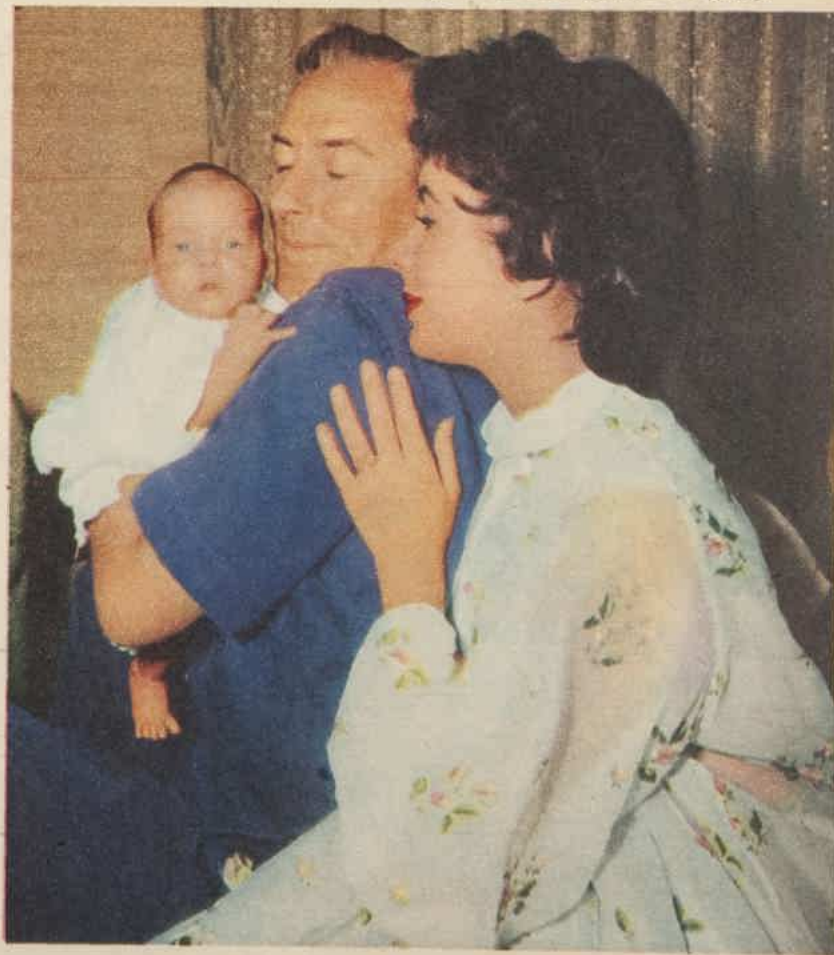
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 22, 1955

HOLLYWOOD BABY

These delightful studies of lovely young film star Elizabeth Taylor and her new baby son, Christopher, were taken at the Hollywood home of Elizabeth and her husband, Michael Wilding. Christopher was born on February 27, which was his mother's 23rd birthday. The Wildings moved into their present Beverly Hills home last year, and Elizabeth, with Michael to help her choose the colors (his hobby is painting), redecorated the interior of the hillside house to her own taste.

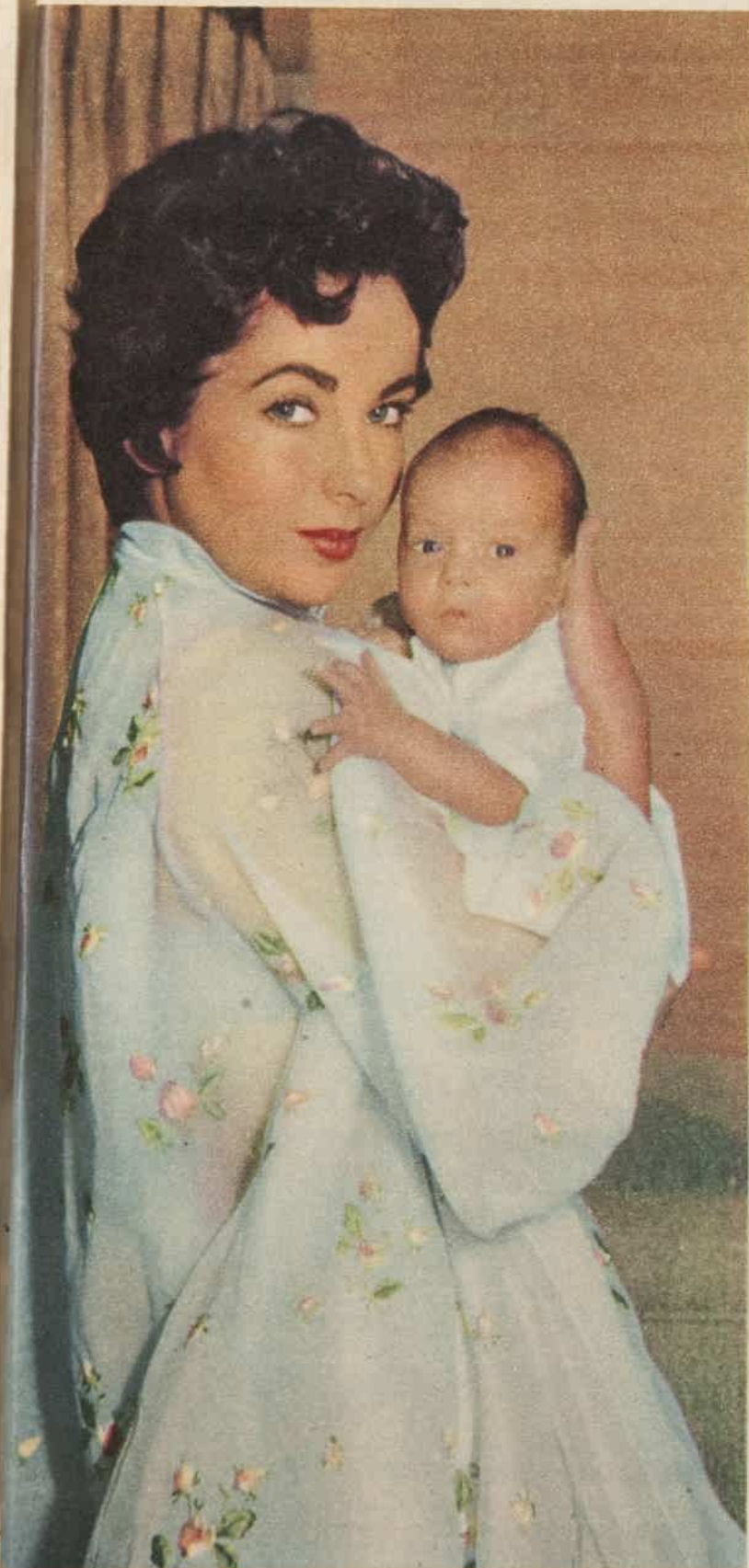


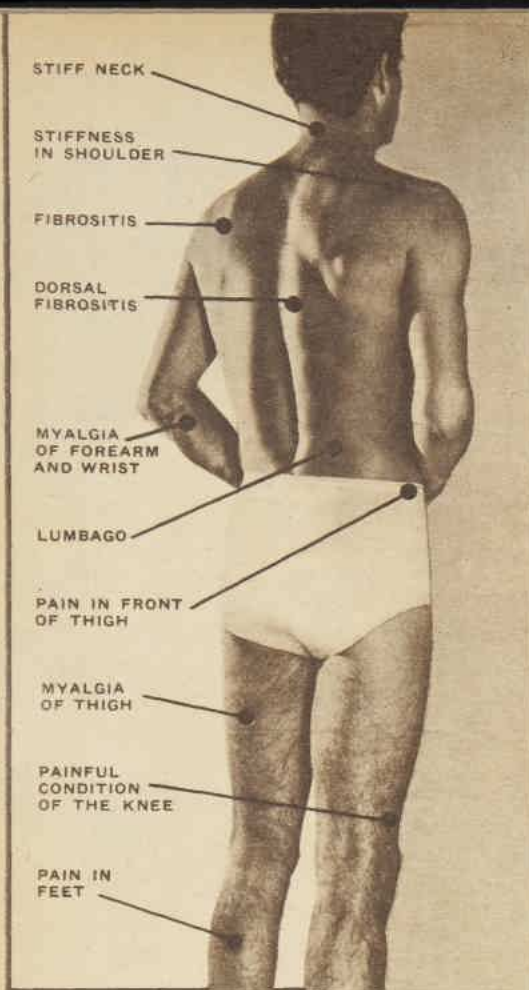
MOTHER AND BABY. Christopher is the second child of Elizabeth's marriage to Michael Wilding. Their first, also a boy, is now over two years old and is known as Michael, junior. The Wildings were married three years ago in London and are acknowledged as being one of Hollywood's happiest and most domesticated couples.



ABOVE. A charmingly informal study of Elizabeth, Michael, and the baby. Both the Wildings are glad it was a boy and hope for a large family.

LEFT. Radiant study of Elizabeth and her new son. Elizabeth will soon go into "Mary Anne," period romance based on the Daphne Du Maurier novel.





Where Rheumatism strikes and how to detect it . . .

Malgic Home-Treatment Chart enables every Rheumatic Sufferer to trace the REAL source of pain . . . and to apply Malgic so that relief is gained in an amazingly short time.

Medical science has established that the actual source of rheumatic pain is not always where the sufferer feels it most. The pain originates from what are now known as "trigger" spots. A muscle becomes rheumatic because certain parts of it get into a state of constriction—a state of "cramp." These muscle knots "trigger" off much of the pain called rheumatism. That is why they are called Trigger Spots. The diagram shown in this advertisement is intended as a general guide as to where various trigger spots are located; but it is not a complete guide. With every jar of Malgic Adrenalin Cream, however, is a fully detailed "trigger" spot chart covering virtually every form of rheumatic pain and stiffness. This chart makes it perfectly easy for you, in your own home, to locate the actual source of the pain you are suffering and to apply Malgic accordingly. Malgic enables the knotted muscles to relax. It penetrates to the root of the pain and carries adrenalin to the cramped fibres. Swiftly, surely the pain and stiffness cease. Malgic Adrenalin Cream is sold only by chemists. Get your jar right away. Study the chart . . . start the treatment . . . and quickly you'll be free from pain.

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SCHOOL,

by Susan Coolidge.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY,

by Captain Marryat.

Price 11/6

From all Booksellers



The End of the Affair



● Graham Green's sensitive love story "The End of the Affair" comes to the screen with Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson teamed as the unhappy lovers. John Mills plays a character role in this Columbia film shot in England. The role of the suspicious, tortured lover of another man's wife gives Johnson his most challenging acting assignment to date.

1 AUTHOR Maurice Bendrix (Johnson) accepts invitation to wartime cocktail party of Sarah and Henry Miles (Kerr and Peter Cushing) to study Miles, who is a typical civil servant type.



2 DESPERATELY in love, Sarah and Bendrix begin to meet unknown to Miles, to whom Sarah feels deep responsibility. Far from happy, and desperately jealous, Bendrix has to accept situation.



3 SURPRISING Sarah, who thought him killed in an air raid, Bendrix thinks she hoped for his death so she could end affair with an easy conscience. He decides to break with her.



4 MEETING Miles after war Bendrix finds that he is very worried about Sarah's absences from home and is considering engaging a detective to watch her movements.



5 JEALOUSY again flares in Bendrix, who, unknown to Miles, himself employs a detective (Mills) to report to him daily on Sarah's mysterious behaviour and secret absences. He suspects a lover.



6 DURING her absences Sarah is seeking spiritual aid from a priest. Meanwhile, Bendrix goes to Miles and reveals his association with Sarah. Miles is shocked and distraught, and later begs Sarah to stay with him.



7 ABANDONING herself to God, Sarah promises never to leave Miles. Now mortally ill, Sarah writes to Bendrix, "I've fallen into Belief the way I fell in love."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 22, 1955

and, through Steven's eyes, dull. All the old, painful love for him came seeping back into her and she forgot his weaknesses and his infidelities. She remembered instead the color and passion he brought to life, so that through him she saw all things newly minted and bright.

She remembered his quick understanding, his tolerance, his wit. She felt again the agony of deprivation that she had felt when they had parted, the longing for the tenderness of his hands, for the passion of his mouth, for even a glimpse of his face.

And then she looked up and saw him standing there, real and alive and accessible, waiting for her decision.

She got up. "I think I'll come with you," she said.

"I think you should," And his hand was at her elbow, guiding her gently across the square towards the station.

It was all just as he had said—the slow, green, surging sea, the shabby, lovely huddle of white houses, the groves of lemon trees with fruit burning pale and clear among the leaves, and above all Etna, high, mysterious, and remote, yet somehow very close.

It was strange to Lydia to look at Etna and then to look around her at the houses that men and women had built so trustingly, to see the terraced hillside so patiently cultivated, and the children playing in the shade of the palm trees in the square.

It gave her a sense of tension and foreboding, and yet all the while the beauty of the place was taking hold of her, putting out a hundred little tendrils to grasp at her heart. Even the latent threat of the sleeping volcano was wonderful to her, it seemed to put a fine edge to all her emotions so that she saw everything with an intensity of perception that was close to love.

Nothing was safe here, nothing sure. For all its air of permanence and calm, the village, dazed and drowsy in the midday sun, was dreaming by the side of a fitfully sleeping monster.

Continuing

"How can they do it?" she asked Steven, as they sat on the terrace of the little hotel where he had lived for the past six months. "How can the people here build houses and take a pride in their homes? How can they plant trees and watch them grow, when it might all be swept away any day?"

"Well, they do, darling," said Steven, laughing. "You should ask the Signora how it feels, she's lived here all her life." And he nodded towards an old woman who was dozing in a chair farther along the terrace.

"Who is she?" asked Lydia softly, liking the strength and wisdom that showed so clearly, even in sleep, in the wrinkled old face.

"She's the proprietor's mother. She's a wonderful old lady." Steven pushed back his chair and got up. "What would you like to do? Go down to the beach or take a look round the village?"

"Both," said Lydia. "I want to see everything, please."

Steven smiled at her, that well-remembered smile of his that always seemed to her like an embrace, so that she was almost shy that others should observe it. "Come along, then," he said. "I'll show you all there is to see."

The long day slipped by like a dream. They talked and laughed and were silent, and talked again. And all the time Lydia was pushing away the decision she knew that she must make.

Late in the afternoon they climbed the rocky shoulder of a headland and stood and looked back at the village. Lydia let her eyes range from the peak of Etna down over the jumbled roofs to the translucent depths of the sea.

"More than anything," she said slowly, "I should like to live somewhere like this."

"Yes, we all of us want what we haven't got until we are sure we have it for always. Then we want to escape."

"Do we?" Lydia stared at Steven's face, at the little lines

Tomorrow Is Safe

[from page 3]

of strain around the eyes, at the contradiction of the mouth, so cruel, so tender.

"I do," he answered. "I'm sorry," said Lydia gently. "I thought you liked it here. I think it's the most beautiful place I've ever seen."

Steven smiled. "You take me too literally, my sweet. But I'm glad you like it so much. I hoped you would."

"I love it," she said. "I'd like to get to know it, every inch of it."

"You could if you stayed,"



"There we are, sir . . . eggs, light bulbs, tomatoes, and one giant-size peaches!"

he said. His words dropped into a well of silence.

If I stayed . . . she thought, and knew that all day long this thought had been in both their minds; that she might stay with him, not for a few hours as they so carefully pretended, but indefinitely, for months, for years, perhaps for a lifetime.

For a lifetime . . . but then Steven was not prepared to think in terms of a lifetime. He believed in the moment; in the truth of the moment, in the happiness of the moment, in the love of the moment, he could and would give no promises for the future.

"There's no guarantee given away with me," he had said to her once. "But then—there's no compulsion to buy."

And now the question that she had thought had been answered five years ago presented itself again—only with more intensity. For this time she knew what his absence meant to her. Once again her mind thied away from the decision she must make, and she turned quickly away from him back towards the footpath.

"Let's go down to the beach," she said.

They went down the hill and out along the beach, which lay straight and empty in the sun, beneath its veil of spread fishing-nets.

They stopped by an old, up-turned boat and Steven said: "It's as lovely here as I said it would be."

"Yes—just as lovely." And her hand as she spoke caressed the hot wood of the derelict boat.

"So you'll believe me if I tell you how good it would be if you stayed."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Just as you like." He lit a cigarette. Lydia watched the smoking arc of the match, saw it dead among the pebbles.

"No," she said. "No, tell me. I'd like you to tell me, after all."

He leant back against the boat, looking away from her, out to sea. "What shall I tell you?" he said slowly. "Shall I tell you that soon this village would seem to be your own, would seep so deeply into you that when you went away its sounds and sights and smells would go with you. That you'd swim and eat and sleep and lie in the sun for days and weeks and months—"

"And never think?"

He looked at her. "You'd think, all right. But differently. Your thoughts wouldn't be separated from your feelings the way they are now. You'd feel with your brain and think with your body." He laughed. "Perhaps you wouldn't care for that."

"Let's walk," she said.

They went on along the shore and back to the square. It was early evening now, and

the village was coming to life after its long siesta. The cafes spilled their crowded tables out into the roadway, and children were playing under the palms while their mothers sat gossiping on the benches in the public gardens.

There was a strange, intense, southern quality in the light, and in the way the sounds lingered on the still air, and the beauty and the magic of the moment caught hold of Lydia and swept her up on a wave of emotion.

She knew in that moment that she loved the village and that she loved Steven, and she was afraid that together the man and the place would hold her, that she would not be able to leave. And even as she thought this she could see the unhappiness she would be building up for herself, and she longed for help, for something—anything—that would give her strength to escape.

She said nothing to Steven, but she knew that he was aware that the time had come for her to make her decision, and she was grateful to him that he was silent as he walked beside her up the flight of stone steps that led to the hotel. When they reached it the terrace was empty.

"Sit down for a few minutes, darling," said Steven. "I want to have a word with the proprietor."

Lydia said nothing. She sat down in one of the wicker chairs. When he had gone she buried her face in her hands and sat there unmoving and unthinking.

Then, behind her, she heard the shuffle of soft shoes. She looked up to find the old woman she had seen at lunch-time standing beside her. Startled, Lydia said, "Good evening, Signora."

"Buona sera, Signorina," said the old woman. "You enjoy our view?"

"Yes."

"Truly, it is very beautiful here. Everyone says it."

The old woman lowered herself carefully into a chair. Then she turned to look at Lydia. "The Signor tells me you may stay with us for a little time."

Lydia started. Then she said in a low voice, "Yes, I think so."

"You're not afraid to stay, Signorina? You trust him?"

"What do you mean?" Lydia felt her cheeks flush hotly. The woman made a gesture towards the curved, naked peak of the volcano. "I speak of him—Etna. I heard you talking of him with the Signor earlier today. You were right. Is necessary a certain disposition to live with a volcano. Some have it, some not. One can read it in their faces."

Impulsively, nervously, Lydia said, "What about me? What do you see in my face?"

The old woman looked at her steadily. "No," she said slowly, "no, no, volcanoes are not for you. You would love too much the home that you made, weep too much when it was all destroyed."

Lydia said nothing. She looked down at her own hands in her lap and noticed with a sense of detached surprise how they were clenched and trembling.

"Eccolo il treno viene!" Lydia looked up questioningly.

"It is nothing. I was observing the train—see—there—the puff of white smoke as he comes out of the tunnel. One can know by that sign to leave the hotel to be at the station in time to catch the train. But that is not of interest for you now, is it?"

The wise, anxious old eyes seemed to ask Lydia a question. They seemed, too, to give her an answer.

"Signora" she said suddenly.

"Yes, Signorina?"

"Please—please tell the Signor when he comes down—"

Lydia's voice faltered.

The old woman nodded, her eyes full of compassion. "I will tell him, little one. I will tell him you have discovered that volcanoes are not for you. He will understand very well."

"Thank you—and goodbye."

"Addio, Signorina. Good luck!"

Lydia turned and began to walk quickly up the road towards the station.

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Page 38

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
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Continuing

Darling Clementine

Prissie came back into the room after answering the telephone. She was breathing quickly and there was a spot of red color on either cheek. Her eyes were sparkling as if she were angry—or frightened.

To page 41

Drying skin

Pond's Dry Skin Cream is so effective that more women use it than any other dry skin care.



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- The fragile and pretty combination of chantilly-type lace and nylon net is an applauded 1955 bridal fashion.

THE fashion flash above answers an inquiry from a reader. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I WANT to be married in formal bridal attire, but I want the gown ballerina-length. I hope you will design the style, something lacy, white, and pretty, but not too bare to suit a girl of 19 years."

The design I have chosen for your ballerina-length bridal gown is illustrated at right. The dress combines chantilly-type lace and nylon net. I think it is a dress to be coveted by any girl with an ounce of romance in her make-up. Note the softly moulded bodice-top and how the lace skirt bells gracefully over the pleated net underskirt. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch will give further details and how to order.

"WOULD a street-length coat and matching skirt made in a thick tweed be a fashionable costume for the winter?"

It certainly would. This season a coat costume in tweed is high fashion. Have the coat slim with slit side-seams and the skirt designed on the same narrow lines. Add to the costume an over-bodice and a waistcoat; the former can be worn for dressy

occasions and the latter will give the costume a casual look.

"COULD you help me plan a smart skirt-and-bodice or skirt-and-sweater combination for winter? Age 22, height 5ft. 4in., SSW."

My suggestion for your sweater-skirt outfit is a slim skirt in creamy-beige wool worn with a long-lined willowy sweater in pimento-red, plus gold jewellery and a gold-and-red handbag, plus flat-heeled black shoes.

"WHAT type of girdle is the best for an average slim figure inclined to have an extra bulge at the waistline?"

Look for a high-waisted girdle styled so the waist is round and smooth, not waspish. The section above the waist is often lightly boned; this will help to smooth and control the midriff and iron out any bulge above or around the waistline.

"FOR winter I have a rather smart beige wool box-jacket suit with which I wear black accessories. I now feel the black look is wrong. Would you advise me what other shade to wear?"

Have your accessories in tones of brown; Benedictine leather bag, shoes, and gloves, and a burnt-sugar color for the hat.

"I AM being married in September and would like advice about the accessories for my going-away suit. The suit is bright scarlet with a fitted jacket and straight skirt."

Your suit will lend itself well to the following accessory arrangement: Red leather bag, white gloves and hat, and black patent shoes.

"WOULD a pale grey flannel suit be suitable for early spring? If so, will I wear it with a white blouse?"

Most definitely grey flannel is a chic spring suiting. However, it will be far smarter this spring if it is a costume linked by a printed blouse, jacket lining, and belt. With pale grey flannel a polka-dot amber or pink silk would look perfect.

"WILL you help me with the following problem? I want a coat I can wear for the last month of winter and for early spring. I mainly wear pale grey, black, and navy-blue, and will want the coat to wear with these colors. I also want a color idea for a hat to wear with the coat. I am in my early thirties, am dark, and quite a sophisticated type."

I suggest pale clear yellow for the color, and for the material I like the idea of tweed or any rough-textured, lightweight wool. Have the

coat straight-cut and tailored, finished with a collarless, cardigan-type neckline. In the cold weather the neckline can be filled in with a silk or fur cravat. Wear the coat with a matching colored beret. By the way, the newest way to wear a beret is flat on the back of the head.

"DO you think a fur fabric jacket would be correct over a ballerina frock? I am 17 years old and take an SSW frock fitting."

A fur fabric jacket made waist-length with a slightly bloused back and bat-wing sleeves would be a versatile topper for any type of party dress. Have the jacket in white, lined with pastel satin.

"WHAT type of design will I choose for a wool jacket and matching dress? I want it plain but also smart. I am 38, W fitting, and quite tall."

The long-jacketed dress can be simple but decidedly smart, too. Choose a black or steel-grey wool with a fleck of white. Have the jacket wrist-length, only faintly fitted at the waist, buttoned up to the throat, and finished with a small round double collar—one collar in the jacket material, and the other in white taffeta. Have the dress under the jacket quite slender and straight, with brief sleeves, a shallow oval neckline, and a little yoke in white taffeta to match the collar on the jacket.



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Chocolate Fruit Cake

6 oz. ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) butter, 4 eggs, 4 oz. chopped dates, 2 rounded tablespoons chopped nuts, 2 level tablespoons Bournville cocoa, 12 oz. (3 level cups) self-raising flour, 6 oz. (1 level cup) sugar, 4 oz. chopped prunes, Grated rind of 1 orange, 2 dessertspoons orange juice, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk. Cream together the butter and sugar, add the well beaten eggs gradually, beating well after each addition. Stir in the chopped dates, nuts and chopped prunes, the orange rind and juice. Sift together the flour, cocoa and salt. Fold lightly into the mixture alternately with the milk. Place in a well greased 8 inch cake tin and bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When cold ice with chocolate icing.

Chocolate Glace Icing

4 oz. (4 rounded tablespoons) icing sugar, 1 oz. (2 level tablespoons) Bournville cocoa, 2 to 3 tablespoons milk or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Sift together the icing sugar and Bournville cocoa. Place in a saucepan and mix to a smooth paste with the milk. The quantity of milk may vary with the icing sugar. Always add it carefully. The consistency should be just thick enough to coat the back of the spoon. Heat for about 30 seconds over a low heat. Flavour with vanilla and pour quickly over the cake.



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till I get my cats." She bustled out, and presently returned with the big grey Persian, Renoir, and the black kitten in her arms.

"There, my darling!" she crooned. "There! You shan't starve, no matter what your wicked master says."

"What does Uncle Saunders say?" Brigit asked.

"He keeps on insisting that we are ruined, and then he sits in his study and makes long lists of figures, and tears them up. And another most curious thing."

"What is that?"

"When Lorna was dusting this morning she noticed that the Meissen vase had been shifted. You know where it stands on that little table in the drawing-room."

"Where is it now?" Brigit inquired without a great deal of interest.

"It isn't anywhere. That's the curious thing. That burglar must have been back, but when I wanted to ring the police Saunders wouldn't allow me to. He said—he said—"

Brigit was all attention now. "What did he say, Aunt Annabel?"

Aunt Annabel's tears were falling on Renoir's silky coat.

"He said did I want to ruin him completely? Brigit, what does he mean?"

"Aunt Annabel! Uncle Saunders hasn't been the burglar all the time."

"That's what I've been wondering, dear. But if he's really so short of ready cash, why doesn't he sell the gold plate? That's worth a fortune. And why would he take a thing like Nicky's coat? A child's coat with a fur collar. Nicky used to look so sweet in it. Oh, no, if he did that he must be mad!"

"But Nurse Ellen saw the burglar that night, Aunt Annabel. He was a little man with a green scarf. She couldn't have made that up."

Aunt Annabel regarded her sombrely.

"Unless he was really Mrs. Hatchett's ghost."

"Oh, no! Uncle Saunders couldn't be using a ghost to

Continuing . . . Darling Clementine

[from page 38]

cover his activities. That's too absurd."

"If he is," said Aunt Annabel, burying her face in Renoir's fur so that her voice was almost inaudible, "we're a fine lot, aren't we. Me tampering with the society's funds, Saunders doing petty thieving, though how can it be thieving when it's his own property. I don't know, and Guy killing that poor old man, —and now trying to take his life."

Her eyes, when she raised them, were full of shame. "You're the only decent one, Brigit. How did you come to be decent?"

"You are, Aunt Annabel. You are," Brigit whispered.

"No, I'm a weak, silly old

by tomorrow morning," said the voice inexorably. "Wrap it up and post it the same way. If I don't get it you'd better watch your children."

With a click sounding in her ears like doom the receiver at the other end was replaced.

This was the worst of all. That, for the moment, was all that Brigit could think. When Aunt Annabel's frightened eyes mutely asked her what had happened she could not speak.

The black kitten, leaping with outstretched claws at the swinging telephone cord, missed it and the sharp claws caught



"Are you sure you're taking that vitamin prescription?"

woman, and I've lived too long with the Templars. If it weren't for my cats—" She dashed away her tears.

"Oh, dear, this won't do. Look at the time. Fergus should be there by now. We should get a ring from him at any time. Oh, I do hope he finds Guy is recovering."

Even as she spoke Mrs. Hatchett came bustling to the door.

"The telephone, madam," she said. "It's for Mrs. Gaye. It's a man."

"Fergus," said Brigit with relief.

"No, it's not your husband, madam. It's a strange voice, sinister sort of."

Aunt Annabel made a move to stop Brigit picking up the telephone by her bedside. But Brigit quickly and firmly spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Yes. Who is it?"

The voice came back, thick, slow, masculine.

"Is that Mrs. Gaye?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Gaye."

There was a slight pause and a sound of heavy breathing. Then the voice came again.

"Why haven't you been answering my letters?"

"Your letters! Your — oh!"

Was that a hoarse, mocking chuckle that came through the receiver? Abruptly, Brigit moved it away from her ear as if it would contaminate her.

"I see you know now who I am. I've been waiting for that parcel since yesterday. It's too bad it hasn't come, because now my price has gone up."

"I shall call the police!" Brigit exclaimed involuntarily.

She was aware of Aunt Annabel giving a gasp and sitting down on the side of the bed. She must have squeezed the cats too violently, for Renoir gave a harsh protest and the black kitten escaped from her arms and pounced playfully at the dangling telephone cord.

"I wouldn't do that," came the slow, thick voice. "You'd be sorry. Your children might suffer."

"My children!" Brigit's voice was no more than a horrified whisper.

"I want a hundred pounds

Brigit's wrist. The sudden pain broke her icy trance. She gave a cry and began to tremble violently.

Aunt Annabel — we must get a hundred pounds at once. You'll have to ask Uncle Saunders. Tell him it's desperately important. Tell him everything. After all, there's nothing to be gained by protecting Guy or anyone else now. Just see where it's leading us."

Aunt Annabel gripped her wrist. "What did that horrible man say about the children?"

"He didn't say anything, except make a threat. Oh, it's unspeakable!"

"You mean—kidnap them?" Aunt Annabel whispered.

"I suppose that's what he meant."

"My dear, now we can't delay any longer. We must get the police. Guy will go to prison, so will I, but anything, anything is better than having the children in danger."

Aunt Annabel's distraught state enabled Brigit to pull herself together. She spoke more calmly.

"Tell Uncle Saunders first. We must at least send that money today. When Fergus gets back—"

She gave a dry despairing sob. It was no use trying to hide these things any longer. Fergus at last would have to know. She would have to risk him despising her and her family forever. But first the children's safety had to be ensured.

She sent for Prissie and said as calmly as she could, "It's cold out today, isn't it, Prissie. I think perhaps we'll keep the children in."

Prissie gave her a quick glance. Her face seemed to have grown smaller and to have a pinched look. There was something of which it reminded Brigit, but for the moment she couldn't think. Her mind was hazy with apprehension and fear.

"You've let them go out on colder days than this," Prissie said sharply.

"Have I? Then it was unwise. Nicky catches cold very easily."

"Has something happened?" Prissie asked in a tight voice.

Brigit raised herself on her elbow. "Why should you ask that? Did you expect something to happen?"

Prissie's eyes slid away, but not before Brigit caught a glimpse of the terror in them. If Prissie were frightened of something, too, why couldn't they talk about it? They might have been able to help each other. But it was strange the aversion Brigit felt towards doing such a thing.

"Do you expect something to happen?" she asked Prissie again.

Prissie began to make a denial, then suddenly she burst out, "Anything could happen in this house. It has a hoodoo on it."

"You're worrying about Guy," Brigit said more gently.

Prissie brushed her hand across her eyes although they were quite dry.

"I didn't do anything to him," she said. "I only—"

"Only what?"

"Didn't stop him falling in love with me," she muttered. "I suppose I should have done that."

"Then you didn't love him?" Prissie's eyes were full of scorn.

"Of course I didn't. At least not in that way—" And then again the mysterious fear took possession of her and she reiterated, "It isn't my fault, no matter what anyone says."

"I don't think anyone is blaming you, Prissie, and I'm sure Guy is going to be all right. But in the meantime we'll concentrate on one thing at a time. Just keep the children indoors today. Can I trust you?"

"I'd like to know why you couldn't Mrs. Gaye," Prissie returned stiffly, and with her small head held high with dignity she left the room.

Now her feelings were hurt, Brigit reflected. But that really didn't matter. It would mean that she would take especially good care of the children, and somehow the awful danger could be staved off until Fergus came home.

In the meantime that hundred pounds must be sent. It was like feeding a hungry monster who, if he were to remain unfed, would take revenge by devouring oneself. Or Nicky and Sarah . . .

Panic mounted in Brigit again. She rang the bell, and waited impatiently for someone to come.

There was a long interval before anyone came at all. The house, all at once, was completely silent, as if there were no one in at all, and Brigit had a sudden nightmare vision of the children kidnapped, and everyone out looking for them, while she herself lay in bed, helpless and forgotten.

Frantically she rang the bell again, keeping her finger on it, and hearing its distant shrilling like the scream that she seemed to be holding back inside herself.

At last there was a scuffling in the passage as Renoir, the black kitten, and an aged tabby tom preceded Aunt Annabel into the room.

"What is it, dear?" Aunt Annabel asked in a high, nervous voice. "Are you ill? Has anything—"

Brigit lay back, controlling her rapid breathing.

"No, nothing else has happened. I'm sorry if I startled you. It's just about that money. Have you seen Uncle Saunders?"

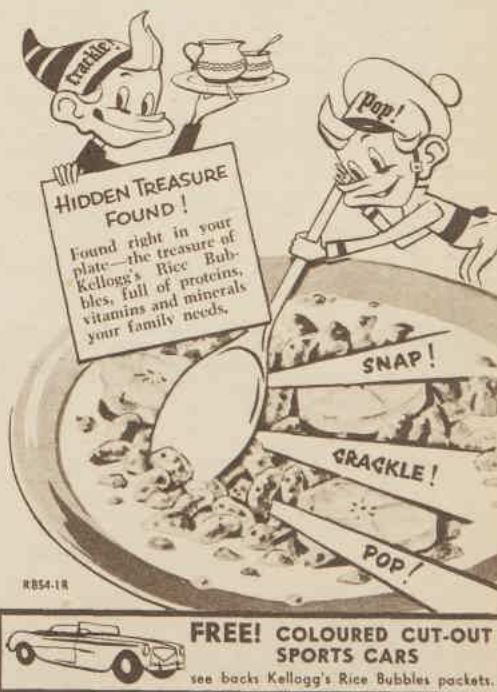
Aunt Annabel came closer and it was then that Brigit saw the distraught, uncomprehending look in her eyes. Her hair was fantastically wild, and within the circle of it her face seemed to have shrunk.

To page 42

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Page 41

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Continuing

as Prissie's had, as if they shared a mutual fear. But the thing that frightened Prissie could not be Aunt Annabel's fear, also, could it?

"Darling, Saunders is in his study with the door locked."

"But he would let you in, surely," Brigit exclaimed.

"Yes, he did," Aunt Annabel nodded her head slowly, almost vacantly. "When I left him he was crying. Crying! Can you imagine it? That big man!"

"Not—Guy?" Brigit whispered.

"Guy!" Aunt Annabel caught a flash of contempt and scorn. "Oh, no, indeed. Saunders doesn't weep for people!"

"Money!" Brigit said intuitively.

"Aunt Annabel nodded. He hasn't got any, he says. None at all!"

Brigit looked at her incredulously. "But that's nonsense! Surely it's nonsense! The Templar fortune—"

"It doesn't exist, dear. Saunders has frittered it away. Mostly on the Stock Exchange, he says. But it's gone. We're paupers, he says."

Brigit sat up vigorously. "Oh, that's absolute rot. What about the famous gold plate?"

Renoir sprang on to the bed and Aunt Annabel, gathering him into her arms, began to laugh in an hysterical way.

"But it isn't gold, it's faked. Long ago Uncle Saunders sold the genuine gold plate and other things of value."

"All of them?" Brigit demanded unbelievably.

"Most of them. There were just one or two genuine things left, like the Meissen vase and the gold angel."

"So he pretended they were stolen!"

"You know how he has always enjoyed practical jokes," Aunt Annabel said miserably.

"Oh, if only he had been lucky on the Stock Exchange. But he has always lost, he said. Yet he couldn't give it up. It was a disease with him. He cried on my breast," she added, more to herself, and suddenly her face was young and gentle in a strange and touching way.

It was a glimpse of the girl Aunt Annabel had been before Uncle Saunders with his noisy, arrogant, imperceptive ways had driven her into timidity and vagueness.

Oh, this dreadful, destroying family of hers, Brigit thought desolately. She wanted to tell Aunt Annabel not to be deceived by a few weak, self-pitying tears, that Uncle Saunders would soon regain his bullying autocratic ways. Instead she found herself patting the old lady's trembling hand and trying to talk to her soothingly.

"You'll be happier without all that money," she said.

"Really you will."

Aunt Annabel pushed back her undisciplined hair.

"I know we will. It isn't the money that worries me. It's the —" she lowered her voice to a whisper—"criminal aspect. Saunders has deceived the insurance company. It's about that gold angel. It wasn't stolen by the burglar,

Darling Clementine

from page 41

you know. Saunders had it all the time. The night the burglar came he saw his opportunity and hid it and said it was stolen. So, of course, the insurance company is going to pay, and —"

"Yes?" said Brigit impatiently, as Aunt Annabel hesitated and looked doubtful about making her final revelation.

"That blackmailer knows," she blurted out.

"Our blackmailer!" Brigit echoed and then had an hysterical desire to laugh at her note of possessiveness.

"Yes, dear. Somehow he knows Saunders has the gold angel and he threatens to tell the insurance company unless Saunders says up."

"How much this time?" Brigit asked sharply.

"It's quite absurd, of course. He wants a thousand pounds. He thinks Saunders is wealthy. Isn't it ironical? And in reality Saunders has mortgaged this house and furniture to the hilt."

Brigit had a desire to chaff Aunt Annabel gently on her business jargon, anything to delay for a few moments her absorption of this new, alarming news.

But there was no opportunity to say anything, serious or otherwise, for Prissie was at the door, a tray in her hands, a look of shocked astonishment on her face.

Her moment of awareness was quickly erased as the children followed her in.

SARAH galloped forward with her usual energy, her fair little face beaming with innocent trust. She had never heard dark, dreadful words like kidnapping and blackmail. She was with her family and safe.

She smiled widely at her mother, shouting, "Me horsey horsey!" and went on her energetic way to the window, where she climbed on to a chair and stood with her short, fat legs firmly apart looking out into the square. Nicky followed, his hand in his pocket, his gaze abstracted.

"What have you got in your pocket, Nicky?" Brigit asked.

"Only my handkerchiefs."

"His colored silk ones," Prissie explained. "He adores them, either for their color or their feel. I don't know which. I brought your tea, Mrs. Gaye."

It was obvious that Prissie's mind was not on what she was saying. She put the tray down, slightly slopping milk from the jug and then looking round agitatedly for something to mop it up.

The information Aunt Annabel had just imparted, and which Prissie had undoubtedly overheard, had upset her, Brigit realised. Yet why should it, for she frankly admitted that she had no emotional interest in Guy? Guy was the only means by which the Templar fortunes could concern Prissie.

"I must go back to Saunders," Aunt Annabel murmured, gathering up Renoir and the black kitten. "But you

realise the significance of what I have been telling you, Brigit. It must have been an inside job!"

"Funny man! Funny man!" Sarah chanted from the window.

Nicky joined her and looked out, the two fair heads, so like Fergus', close together.

"Where's the funny man?" he asked in a superior voice.

Sarah pointed a chubby forefinger. Nicky gave a small cry.

"Clementine!" he ejaculated. Prissie flew to the window and looked out. Then she lifted Nicky from the chair and set him on the floor. She turned to Brigit, shaking her head.

"It's only a street hawker," she said. "He's wearing a large black hat. That's the only funny thing about him. Come along, you two, you'll only worry your mother."

"No, wait!" Brigit ordered. "Nicky, did you see Clementine just now, truly?"

Nicky looked at her with frightened blue eyes. Then, in a disconcertingly adult way, his eyelids drooped.

"I was just pretending for Sarah," he said airily. "She likes pretending."

Sarah certainly did, for she had clambered down from the chair and was galloping her noisy way round the room.

Prissie grasped her hand, saying, "Hush, darling! Hush! Such a noise. Come along with me. Come, Nicky." And before Brigit could protest further, the children were whisked out of the room.

Clementine just outside the window! And she chained to the bed as surely as if there were actual chains round her legs. Brigit, angry tears in her eyes, sat up and desperately tried to move her legs. They refused to respond.

Somewhere out there, in the mist beneath the leafless trees, perhaps there was a person called Clementine, a queer faceless menacing person. Or was it just a funny little man in a large black hat innocently selling his wares?

Whoever the person was, he was not for her to see. She was the pampered patient in the aristocratic Spanish bed doomed to be kept in the dark forever.

Upstairs, Prissie peremptorily shut the children in the nursery. Nicky expected a reprimand for his unguarded mention of Clementine, and another lecture on telling lies. But quite mildly Prissie told them to play with their toys while she wrote a letter.

Half an hour later, after biting her pen more than writing words on paper, Prissie went to the telephone that had an upstairs extension outside the nursery door.

Nicky stood with his ear against the keyhole and listened shamelessly. Prissie wanted to speak to Clementine, he knew. But how could she speak on the telephone when Clementine was just outside in the square, kicking up the dead leaves and looking at the house with sharp beady eyes?

Surely enough Prissie came back and went on with her letter. Nicky, creeping silently,

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Every woman who uses perfume will want to read the picture-story of "The Nose" in A.M., the Australian Magazine, now on sale.

close enough, could see the thick black writing she was making, as if she were angry with the words she was putting on paper.

"It's no use any more, I do love Fergus—I've lied to you about it, but now I'm telling you the truth. I know from the way he kisses me that he loves me, too. So like Philip who took what he wanted, by force if necessary, I am going—"

The telephone rang outside. Prissie stopped writing, listened. No one downstairs went to answer it. Finally she went to answer the insistent ringing herself.

At first her mind had not been on Fergus. It was still on the letter that she had ceased to try to compose tactfully. Rather absently she picked up the receiver and said, "Hello," crisply, as Brigit would have done.

"Biddy, is that you, darling?" It was Fergus, and he had mistaken her voice. He thought he was speaking to his wife.

Without a clear idea as to why she did so Prissie said, still in an excellent imitation of Brigit's voice, "Yes, this is me," and Fergus went on.

"First, darling, I love you. Please will you think of that and keep it in your mind all the time."

"Yes," Prissie whispered, in all the voice that she could command.

Her face had gone tight, her fingers gripped the receiver until the knuckles stood out as if naked of skin. Those whitened knuckles seemed to express all the anger viciously held inside her body.

"Darling, are you listening?" came Fergus' urgent voice.

"Yes, I can hear."

"Will you remember what I said?"

"Yes, Fergus—darling."

"That's my girl. I'm afraid the news is bad. Guy died half an hour ago."

Now there was no need to pretend shock and grief. She

To page 43

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



both, so keenly that her face was almost inaudible. "Oh, no, Fergus!" "I'm afraid it's true. He never recovered consciousness." "But why?" Now she was more consciously Brigit again, and trusted that Fergus would not later wonder at the temporary strangeness of his wife's voice. "He's left a letter. Something about that car accident, and — other things. But we don't talk of it now. I'll be home later this evening. And, darling, remember what I said. I love you."

Prissie was silent. She was trying not to tremble. She felt as if a storm were breaking inside her, a storm of rage and pain and desolation. "You do believe me, don't you?" came that maddening, pressing voice that was not for her. Those kisses, those false, false kisses!

"I did wonder — about Prissie —" she began in Brigit's hesitating, uncertain voice. "Oh, my darling, no! No! As I will explain when I get home. Don't grieve too much for Guy. I think he's happier where he is."

And then the telephone clicked and it was she who was bereaved. Completely and forever.

Prissie was not used to being without some driving emotion. Only temporarily was she numb. Then, within her small, taut body, hate began to grow.

On one of her impulses, which usually had such brilliant success, she ran downstairs and went swiftly and quietly along to Brigit's room.

The room was darkened, so that Brigit would rest. At first one could scarcely see her fair head, like a daffodil, on the pillow. Her illness had not dulled the brightness of her hair, nor, indeed, her eyes, nor the warmth of her smile. One would have thought she would by this time have grown anaemic and colorless.

"What is it, Prissie?" came her courteous voice.

"Oh, Mrs. Gaye, your husband has just telephoned. Brigit started up. "Fergus?"

Continuing

Darling Clementine

from page 42

"Yes, he spoke to me. He said not to disturb you."

"Not to disturb me! But —" The hurt was obvious in Brigit's voice. Nevertheless, she collected herself instantly and went on. "What did he say, Prissie? What about Guy?"

"Guy's dead."

Perhaps she spoke too brutally. Momentarily she felt a stirring of her own angry grief. Then, looking at Brigit's lovely ashen face, she whipped up her hatred and jealousy.

"Fergus said he would be home later and not to worry."

"Not to worry!" Brigit echoed in a disbelieving whisper.

Prissie came forward. "You've had a shock, Mrs. Gaye. Shall I get you a sedative?"

But Brigit shrank back against the pillow. "No, no! Just leave me! Please leave me!"

So that was done. Prissie went slowly upstairs, fingering her locket. Now one had only to wait until Fergus came home. Then she would begin using her wiles on him. Never before had she known them to fail with a man.

She smiled secretly to herself, regaining her confidence. Of course he would have to speak like that to his wife when he was breaking such tragic news to her. It needn't have been true. Or it needn't be true for much longer.

Idly Prissie's fingers pressed the catch of the locket and from habit felt for the folded paper within.

It was not there.

Prissie stood still, aghast. When had she taken it out? She hadn't. Of course she hadn't. Then who could have taken it? Who had had the opportunity?

With the blood draining out of her face and fear filling her to the exclusion even of hatred and jealousy, Prissie remembered Fergus' traitorous kiss, his fingers on her locket.

She, trusting, susceptible little fool that she was, had lost every sense but that of delight. And Fergus' prying fingers had found what they wanted.

Now what was she to do?

Nicky refused to put on his coat. He said, "But Mummy said we were not to go out today. It's too cold."

out into the square, where Clementine lay in wait. The thought of her malicious little face caused him to grow more resolutely stubborn.

Sarah, already in her overcoat, danced about saying, "Come on, Nicky, come on, Nicky," impatiently.

Prissie silently held the coat before him, waiting for him to slip his arms in the sleeves. Nicky summoned all his courage, and struck it out of her hands on to the floor.



"Newlyweds."

He stood rigidly defying Prissie to attempt to force his arms into the sleeves of his new coat with the velvet collar that he had had to wear ever since his old one had been mysteriously lost.

Prissie said in a very quiet voice that was somehow more frightening than her cross one, "It isn't cold now. The sun is almost shining. Come along, Nicky, don't be difficult."

It took courage to disobey this new white-faced, unsmiling Prissie, but not as much as it would have taken to go

"I won't go," he said. Prissie looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then she said quite quietly, "Very well. You wait here while I get my things on. Perhaps by then you will have changed your mind."

It had never happened before in broad daylight. But it happened today just as Prissie, wearing her coat and hat and carrying a suitcase, came back. The croaking voice sounded from the wardrobe at the other side of the room.

"Are you being a naughty

boy, Nicky? Didn't I tell you what happens to naughty boys? The dark hole, Nicky. The deep dark hole . . ."

There was a dreadful chuckle. Then, quite brightly and cheerfully, the voice went on. "Do as Prissie tells you, Nicky, that's a good boy."

Nicky looked dumbly at Prissie, who was standing listening beside him. She nodded in agreement, and helplessly he held out his arms for the coat to be put on.

Almost at once he began to sob.

"Not to Clementine's house! Please, not to Clementine's house."

Prissie lifted her slender black brows.

"Who is Clementine?" she asked.

Sarah, whose sympathetic nature was always affected by tears, abruptly began to sob in company with Nicky.

"Oh, goodness, you are a fine pair!" Prissie exclaimed. "We're only going out for some fresh air. Come along, and please don't make so much noise. You'll disturb your mother and you know she will never get better if she's always being disturbed. Down the stairs as quietly as you can."

In spite of her injunction to hurry, however, Prissie lingered on the stairs, looking at the portraits with a queer expression, almost as if she were going to cry. Then she ran her fingers over the banisters and looking at them said "Dust!" in a disgusted voice.

There were dead flowers drooping in a vase, as if no one cared how they looked. One of Aunt Annabel's cats, a thin tabby with a sad, pointed face, ran in front of them. Prissie's gaze flicked from it to the dead flowers and the dust. Then it went again to the portraits.

"Liars!" she said in a clear, contemptuous voice, and began to hurry the children down the stairs.

In a few moments they were out of the house, and in the misty street. It was not true that the sun was beginning to shine. It was darker than ever, and Nicky was sure that Clementine was lurking behind

one of the trees, although he could not see her.

He was inordinately thankful when Prissie unexpectedly hailed a taxi and pushed the two of them into it, following herself with her suitcase. At least they were safe for a while in a taxi.

But it had been too much to hope that they would not go to Clementine's house. They arrived there all too soon. But still blessedly there was no sign of Clementine.

Prissie hustled them up the steep, narrow stairs and into a room that had almost no furniture in it, and was very cold. She threw off her coat and scarf, leaving them lying across a chair.

"Stay here until I come back," she said. "And try not to make a noise."

Then she went out, shutting the door, and making it click. After a moment Nicky went cautiously forward and turned the knob. It wouldn't open the door, and he knew that what he had suspected was true. The click had been the key turned in the lock. He and Sarah were in prison.

Sarah, after pottering about inquisitively, looked distressed. Her lip began to tremble.

"Go home!" she whimpered.

"We can't. We're in prison," Nicky told her. "The door's locked."

Sarah's mouth hung open. She sensed both Nicky's fear and the strangeness of the room. She began to sob.

Nicky badly wanted to sob, too, but he knew that that would bring either Prissie or, worse still, Clementine. Valiantly he tried to comfort Sarah.

"Don't cry," he said. "Look, I'll do you my tricks." He whipped the colored silk handkerchiefs from his pocket and began sliding them through his fingers.

Gratifyingly, Sarah did stop

To page 44

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AC34

sobbing to watch. Suddenly she saw the scarf Prissie had flung on the chair. It was a brilliant red one with a design of tiny white leaves. She pounced on it and began to clumsily imitate Nicky, saying, "Look! Me, too!"

But Nicky momentarily forgot his tricks in looking at the scarf. He had seen it before somewhere and it had frightened him. Where?

After Prissie had left her with Fergus' message, Brigit was too forlorn even to weep.

So Fergus' contempt for her family had finally reached her. How could it be otherwise when he chose to give such tragic news as the death of her brother to a comparative stranger?

But, of course, Prissie was no stranger to him. No, indeed, he counted on Prissie for everything now, the care of his children, the nursing of his poor sick wife, the comfort and pleasure of her company during his short intervals at home.

Oh, Fergus, my darling, couldn't you have been patient a little longer to see if I would get well? Or even if I were well, would you still have wanted Prissie? You brought her home that day, flaunting her like a carnation in your button-hole . . .

Aunt Annabel was bending over her, stroking her brow.

"Don't grieve, dear. You know Guy wouldn't want you to. After all, he chose this way . . ." her voice quivered pitifully. "Look, I've brought you a little hot milk. I'm having some, too. Drink it up now, that's a good girl."

Like a child, Brigit drank from the glass held to her lips. When she had finished, Aunt Annabel gave a satisfied sigh.

"That's right, dear. There was a sedative in that. Now you will get some rest."

Brigit started up wildly.

"But I don't want rest! Guy's dead, and there's that horrible man making threats about the children, and Nicky says Clementine is out there in the square—do look, please, Aunt Annabel—and I don't believe I'm ever going to walk again, and—"

Continuing . . .

Darling Clementine

from page 43

and Fergus—"Brigit's voice died away in stifled sobs.

Aunt Annabel, peering through the window, said, "I can't see anything for mist. Oh, there's a man sweeping up leaves. That's all, dear. Just a man with a barrow. So you can sleep in peace."

"But I don't want to sleep!" Brigit protested. Nevertheless, already Aunt Annabel seemed a vague shape, with her wild white locks, like a kindly witch, and the pillow was deep, deep . . .

She dreamed that she was walking. It was cold and misty, and through the mist she kept seeing the lighted shop windows, little square glowing caverns of light and brilliance. Here were jewels, in all the colors of the rainbow, here were hats with pink roses as large as cabbages, here were shoes studded with brilliants, here laces and ribbons and ballerina skirts with frothing frills.

One could warm one's hands at the glow of the windows. But if one could walk into the inviting doorways of the shops it would be better still. If only one's legs would move. They were so heavy, so slow, as if they were dragging through thick mud . . .

Brigit opened her eyes slowly to find the bed-clothing disarranged and the quilt slipped to the floor. Also, her legs were aching and tingling.

Instantly, realising what had happened, she was wide awake. In her dream she had walked, and her legs, obeying the fantasy in her mind, had disturbed the bed-clothing. They had moved again!

Cautiously she tested them. They were heavy and tired, but they did move a little, didn't they? Excitedly she rang the bell and waited impatiently for someone to answer it.

It was Mrs. Hatchett who came and stood within the door, rotund and comfortable.

"Can I get you anything, madam?"

"I want you to help me get out of bed," Brigit said ex-

citedly. "I can walk really. I'll show you."

Mrs. Hatchett shook her head.

"Now, now, madam! Do you think you should be trying to get out of bed?"

"Of course. I've been out. I was out the other day, only no one would believe me. If you won't help me, ask my aunt to come."

"She's lying down with a bad head, madam. And Prissie took the children out a couple of hours ago, so there's no one else to help you. If you really insist, madam, but I'm sure I don't think—"

Brigit, however, was no longer listening to Mrs. Hatchett's qualms. An icy terror had seized her.

"Mrs. Hatchett, what did you say about Prissie and the children? I told them not to go out. Surely she hasn't disobeyed me!"

"Well, I saw them going, madam. Nicky in his new coat, bless his heart. I thought they'd have been back by now. It's getting dark."

"Mrs. Hatchett!" Brigit was sitting up, clinging to the bedpost. "Help me, please! Now I've got to walk somehow. Please! Because I think my children are in danger. Deadly danger! Oh, help me quickly. Let me get to them before anything happens."

But it was no use. She could only stand and collapse. Again and again, with Mrs. Hatchett patiently holding her upright, she tried to walk. Once she took three steps.

Mrs. Hatchett exclaimed in wonder and delight: "Well, now, love, so you could do it all the time. And none of us would believe you. Well now, isn't this going to be good news for your husband. Easy now. Take it quietly."

But again her legs, weak and trembling, collapsed ignominiously beneath her. She was too anxious.

The mist outside seemed to

keep coming into the room, and swirling in it were shapes and sounds, the funny man Sarah had seen in the square (had he a white-and-black look?), the croaking voice from the chimney saying, "I am you and you are me," and Prissie's small, white, three-cornered face—now she knew what it made her think of, that other face that had leaned over her in the house in Hammersmith, the face that was Prissie and yet not Prissie, the face with the brilliant, taunting eyes and lank, long, black hair . . .

And then, strangest of all, Fergus' face swam before her. It was thin and tired, and yet it seemed to be alight with joy.

"Why, Biddy, darling, you're walking!"

Why should he look so pleased that she was walking? It was much too late to be pleased. Prissie had thieved all the pleasure for herself. House, portraits, works of art, children, husband, all were Prissie's . . .

SOMEONE was shouting at her, trying to rouse her.

"Brigit, where did you go that day? Tell me!" Momentarily Fergus' voice was clear and urgent in her ears.

"But you wouldn't believe me," she said in a drugged way.

"Never mind whether I believed you or not. Where did you go?"

"Fifteen Pelham Road, Hammersmith," she said in her far-off voice. "Why do you want to go there?"

"Because I think Prissie might be there."

Oh—Prissie. Always Prissie. Now she could not arouse herself to say anything more at all.

Outside the door Nicky could hear the voices, Prissie's and the man's.

"I tell you there was nothing between Fergus and me," Prissie was saying in a low, angry voice. "I hate him! I hate him as much as I hate her."

Why would I do as you told me and bring the children here if I was in love with him?"

"You wouldn't do that at first."

"Because I was angry with you then. Guy shouldn't have died. That was your fault. You killed him."

"He killed himself." The man's voice was contemptuous.

"He had no courage."

"And no money either!"

Prissie began to laugh in a high-pitched way. "The famous Templar family is bankrupt. Isn't it a joke?"

"I don't believe it," the man said harshly.

"I'm afraid it's true. The great and mighty Saunders wouldn't shed tears over anything but lack of money."

"It can't be true." The man's voice had a desperate note.

"We've got the kids, haven't we? They'll pay for them."

"What with?" Prissie asked wearily. "Fake gold plate? I tell you I brought them here to satisfy you, and to give her the fright of her life, but after that—"

"You don't really intend to give them up. Do you?" The man's voice was both wheedling and cunning.

"Why should I? They should be mine!"

"Because they are Templars or the children of that good-looking airman."

Prissie's voice broke on an angry sob. "Shut up, will you? You've got them here, haven't you? That's what you wanted. You say you can get blood out of a stone. Well, try."

"They'll find the money somewhere for the kids," the man said confidently.

But now Prissie was pleading with him. "No, Jacques. Just let me take them away somewhere quietly. They should be mine. I feel as if they are. And Clementine would like it. Anyway, it's too dangerous to do anything more. Because Fergus has that letter of mine. He'll have guessed everything."

"What do you mean?" The man's voice was alarmed.

"He stole it out of my pocket—I don't know when."

"You little fool! What did you want to carry it about with you for?"

"Because I liked having it. I liked making up stories about it. And don't you dare call me a fool! It's you who is a fool standing there wasting time arranging to get away. How safe do you think we are here, now she's been to this house? It'll only be until Fergus gets home and then she'll tell him—"

But at that point Nicky could contain himself no longer. Obnoxious of the fact of how he frightened Sarah, he began banging on the door and screaming.

"Let me out!" he called.

"Let me out! Let me out!" Then all at once he was silent, because his voice had been so much the echo of another voice, that of Nurse Ellen from the bottom of the dark hole.

But there was no hole here. It was all right! It was all right!

The door opened abruptly, and Prissie and the small dark man with the pale face stood there.

Prissie said sharply, "Nicky, what a noise to make. Now you've made Sarah cry, too. There's nothing to cry about. We're going for a nice ride on a train. Clementine is coming, too. I'll call her, and she can come and play with you until we're ready."

Nicky shrank back, the tears growing cold on his cheeks.

"Not Clementine!" he whispered. "No! Please!"

"Why, how silly you are, Nicky. You must grow to love Clementine."

Frantically Nicky thought of some way to delay this final catastrophe. His eyes chanced to rest on Prissie's locket, and he exclaimed, "Daddy hasn't got your letter at all. I have."

Prissie looked puzzled. "What letter?"

"The one out of your locket. I took it and tore it up."

Prissie's face grew still. She sank into a chair.

"Nicky! Are you telling the truth?"

Nicky nodded, frightened now, his bravado deserting him.

To page 45

If you are the woman

in his life WATCH HIS HAIR



Too many men take their hair for granted and accept the prospect of thinning hair as inevitable. Fortunately, many women realise that there is no excuse for unhealthy hair these days and they demand action before it is too late.

WHAT MAKES HAIR GROW? Hair is formed of protein, an organic substance made up of small units called amino-acids. New hair consists of a special kind of protein called Keratin and this, in turn, is built from 18 different amino-acids. The hair roots must receive a constant supply of these amino-acids if it is to grow and remain healthy. When the natural supply fails the only scientific treatment is to supply extra amino-acids from outside the body. This can be effectively done by massaging Pure Silvikrin into the scalp, for Pure Silvikrin contains the building units of millions of healthy hair cells. You can buy Silvikrin in the exact form to meet the particular hair need: Pure Silvikrin, a concentrated solution for thinning hair and severe dandruff; Silvikrin Tonic Hair Dressing with oil for daily hair care and perfect grooming and Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion without oil for greasy scalps. Start your menfolk, and yourself, on the road to certain hair health, today.

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A. Hair receding at the temples. Advanced dandruff has begun to affect the hair roots.



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C. A young man with vigorous hair growth, but spotted with dandruff. Trouble lies ahead.



D. Badly thinning hair. Nourishment to the hair from outside the body is the only answer.

"I tore it into little bits. You made me sweep it up."

"Then Fergus—doesn't know—after all. Her voice was halting, desolate. 'I needn't have run away. I could have made him—love me—'"

Suddenly she sprang up, galvanised into action. "Oh, I'm going back. He won't be home yet. Come, children, get your coats on—"

But the man's hand was gripping her wrist. His face was dark, threatening sinister.

"Not so fast, my darling. We'll talk this over first. Shut the kids in and come downstairs."

Below, he could shut the door, however, there were racing footsteps on the stairs, a flash of tartan skirt and two thin black plaits. And there was Clementine, her triangular face full of evil glee.

"Oh, goody, I've come to play with Nicky. Aren't you pleased to see me, Nicky? Aren't you pleased?"

She was so quick he could never escape her. Before he could even put his arms behind his back her cruel fingers had seized and pinched.

He couldn't help it. All his self-control deserted him. He shut his eyes and opened his mouth and gave a long, high-pitched scream. It came to an end only for want of breath, and as its sound died from his ears he heard his father saying, "Good heavens, Nicky, are you being murdered?"

He opened his eyes and thought it was a dream. But Sarah was rushing forward crying delightedly, "Daddy! Daddy!" and there, surely enough, was the tall, beloved form of his father, smiling reassuringly, although his blue eyes glinted with something that was not laughter.

He swung Sarah into his arms and took Nicky's hand. Then he said pleasantly, "No one heard my knock, so I just came up. I thought it sounded like trouble. Well, Prissie, so this is your aunt."

He turned with mock politeness to the dark man, whose face had gone thin and bitter and uneasy. Prissie, the color suddenly flaming in her cheeks, said quickly, "This is my husband, Jacques Clare."

Fergus gave a slight bow, but he did not hold out his hand. His eyes turned to the child with the skinny plaits and glittering black eyes, and little tight, malicious mouth.

"And this—allow me to guess—is Clementine?"

"My daughter," said Prissie, putting her arm possessively round the child.

"Well, well," said Fergus, "The little girl who likes toads. I think, Nicky, you might have overlooked the fact that she is, presumably, a lady, and fought her. One should be taught manners young." He turned to Prissie, still with that glint in his eye.

"I suppose you are aware, Prissie, that my wife is extremely worried about the children, especially when she asked you not to take them out. Apparently there have been mysterious threats over the telephone—"

"They were quite safe here," Prissie broke in swiftly. "Weren't they, Jacques? That's why I brought them."

"Quite safe," Jacques said suavely. "And Clementine likes someone to play with."

"And things, too, apparently," Fergus said, picking up the Dresden statuette from the mantelpiece.

"I only borrowed it!" Prissie said, the color high in her cheeks again. "You had so many beautiful things, and Clementine—"

"Had a right to some," said Fergus softly.

"My wife has this love for beautiful things," the man said, suddenly obsequious. "She did only borrow that piece for Clementine to see. Clementine

Continuing

hasn't had much opportunity

Fergus again interrupted in his pleasant voice: "But she would have been able to get some of her own when all those letters had brought in some money."

"Letters?" said the man in bewilderment.

"Come now, Mr. Clare, don't try to be innocent. Do you deny writing blackmail letters consistently for the past week?"

"Oh, he never did anything like that!" Prissie exclaimed in a shocked voice. "Oh, no, Fergus. I admit I borrowed the statuette, and one or two of the children's toys—they had so many—and even Nicky's old coat because he was getting a new one, and it would lengthen beautifully for Clementine. You can't blame me for wanting things for my daughter. But we did nothing else, Fergus. Nothing criminal."

Fergus' golden eyebrows were a bland curve over his eyes. He still spoke pleasantly, though now Nicky sensed the scarcely controlled anger beneath his politeness.

"You didn't by any chance plan to get into my house to create all the mischief you could? You didn't deliberately cause my wife to have an accident—"

Prissie sprang forward, laying her hands on Fergus' arm.



Her eyes were full of shocked denial.

"Oh, Fergus! How can you believe such an awful thing!"

"You didn't make love to Guy, believing all the time that he was your legitimate brother?"

Nicky was aware of Prissie shaking her head, her face full of confusion and anger and distress. But he could concentrate no longer on Prissie's feelings, for there was something in his pocket he had to show his father. It was tangled up with the colored silk handkerchiefs. He tugged at it intently.

"You can't prove any of these outrageous accusations," the dark-haired man was saying angrily to Fergus.

But Nicky had the thing free. He shook it out triumphantly. Now he was no longer afraid of witch dolls in cupboards or croaking voices in the night, or Clementine's malicious vengeance on him.

"Look, Daddy!" he cried. "This is the scarf that was on the stick. I saw it, Prissie had it. She was coming from behind the fence after Mummy had fallen off Polly. I wanted her to play a game with it, but she wouldn't. She threw the stick away."

"It's a lie!" Prissie was saying thickly. "It's another of that child's monstrous lies."

For one moment Fergus looked at her thoughtfully. It was quite extraordinary, but in that moment Prissie's youthful, attractive, animated face had become that of someone else.

Darling Clementine

from page 44

In its pinched, cruel, cold anger and craftiness, it was the feminine counterpart of the painted face of pirate Philip Templar that hung on the staircase in the house in Montpelier Square.

Whatever lies her tongue might still be impelled to tell, her face at last spoke the truth.

Fergus went to the door and beckoned to someone downstairs.

"Come up, officer," he said. "I think you'll get a statement now."

It was the voice from the chimney and the voice Nicky said he had heard in the night from the wardrobe that still puzzled Brigit. When she thought of it, with its sinister threat, she was still aware of that cold fear inside herself.

"How could that have been Prissie or this mysterious husband of hers?" she asked.

Fergus was sitting on the bed holding her hand. On the rug beside the leaping fire were the children, bathed and in their dressing-gowns, listening to the low murmur of Aunt Annabel's voice as she told them once again the simple story of the kittens who lost their mittens.



Brigit wanted them there as long as possible. For this way all her family was round her, and she felt secure at last.

"It was Prissie who did that," said Fergus. "Her husband is a conjurer and ventriloquist. Naturally he taught a clever little thing like Prissie some of his tricks. She became remarkably adept at ventriloquism, as you and Nicky can now testify. It was a useful trick. It frightened you into thinking you were going to be a permanent cripple, which was what she wanted, and it kept Nicky quiet about things that she didn't want mentioned."

He went on dryly: "The existence of Clementine, for instance. It pleased her to give her own child outings with yours, and to buy things for her, even to steal from Nicky and Sarah for her. But, of course, it wouldn't do for the children to talk. Sarah was too small, but Nicky, with his observant nature, was a constant threat. So when she found he was a nervous child she had a perfect way to effectively silence him."

"The children's voices at the house that day?" Brigit said.

"That was Clementine's birthday party. Another bit of audacity on Prissie's part. Both Nicky and Sarah were there. Jacques did conjuring tricks, and even began to teach Nicky the one with the handkerchiefs. When you went there and collapsed, she and Jacques took you home in a taxi, were able to smuggle you

in unnoticed, undressed you, and then cleverly left you lying on the floor so that when you inevitably told your story, everyone would think it was a delusion you had, following shock from your fall out of bed. It worked very well."

"Too well," Brigit gave a forlorn little smile. "I suppose all that about Nurse Ellen was Prissie's doing?"

Fergus nodded. "That fall was cleverly engineered. Prissie had discovered the rotting boards in the wardrobe and the deep drop. Instead of reporting it, she decided it might be useful one day. As it was the day Nurse Ellen proposed to find out the truth about Clementine, she purposely hung the children's coats at the back of the wardrobe so that Nurse Ellen, being heavy, would step right inside, and, of course, the floor would collapse. She swears she didn't mean to leave Nurse Ellen down there to die, but just long enough to give her a good fright. In the same way she says she only pretended to kidnap the children to give you a fright."

"But why did she hate me so much?" Brigit asked in bewilderment. "Was it just jealousy? Oh, I know she had fallen in love with you, but surely this extreme vindictiveness couldn't have been just from jealousy?"

"And that," said Fergus, "is the germ of the story. Darling, this is going to be rather a shock for you."

Brigit moved her legs slightly, feeling with satisfaction their obedience, and relaxed happily.

"Nothing can shock me now," she murmured.

"Not even being told that your whole life has been a mistake? That you shouldn't have been brought up in luxury at all? That you should have been a penniless orphan fighting your own way, relying on the kindness of an old nurse who was no relation at all to see that you were clothed and fed?"

"That's Prissie's story!" Brigit ejaculated.

"Precisely."

"I am you and you are me," Brigit said slowly. "That's what the voice used to say. But, Fergus, tell me, what is this? Am I Prissie?"

"Thank heaven, no. Prissie is the daughter of the woman you thought your mother, Marion Templar, and her husband, Gilbert Fulton. The sister of Guy, whom she let kiss and make love to her, for the purpose of worming out of him shameful secrets about the Templar family, so that her husband could practise the pleasant art of blackmail."

"Fergus, stop this! Tell me simply the truth!"

"The truth," said Fergus, "unfortunately can't be proved. All Prissie had was a letter written by her old nurse on her deathbed, confessing to a mix-up of babies the night that you and Prissie were born in the same nursing home. Two women had baby girls within an hour of each other, one woman was Marion Fulton, a daughter of the famous and wealthy Templar family, the other was a little ballet dancer whose husband was dead, and who herself died on giving birth to her baby."

"She was my mother!" Brigit whispered intuitively. "I know, because Sarah dances all the time."

"And Prissie," said Fergus, "if you have noticed, is remarkably like one or two of the portraits on the stairs."

Brigit was breathing quickly, aware of a wonderful lightness of spirit, as if she had been

To page 46

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Continuing

Darling Clementine

from page 45

released from something overpowering.

"But how did all this happen?"

"That we have to take the old nurse's word for. She says that while caring for the newly born Templar baby she dropped it. It wasn't a serious fall, but the head was bruised and bleeding. She panicked. How could she take an injured child into that beautiful, autocratic, frightening girl? So, on the impulse of the moment, she took in the perfect child, the baby of the dead ballet dancer."

"Fergus! Good heavens!" Brigit's voice was a shocked whisper. "So just in a moment like that, this thing happened?"

He nodded.
"In that moment you became Brigit Templar, and Prissie, with all the Templar greed and ruthlessness, became you. The nurse, suffering from conscience, adopted Prissie and brought her up, and until recently Prissie genuinely thought she was her aunt."

Fergus stopped a moment to consider Brigit.

"So, you see, my darling, how it hasn't been easy for either of you, born out of your true environments."

"Fergus, do you realise!" Brigit was crying with joy. "Oh, do you realise I'm not a Templar after all. Nicky and Sarah aren't Templars. We're nice people. Oh, Fergus!"

"It didn't matter," said Fergus. "I loved you either way. You know that, my little silly. And if you thought I was flirting with Prissie, it was merely that I was playing the game she had played with Guy, getting close to her to find out her secrets."

"She said everyone had a secret. Fergus, Guy knew?"

"Guy knew. He found that he had fallen in love with his own sister. Apparently Nicky had taken the letter out of Prissie's locket and shown it to Guy, quite innocently. He just never got over the shock, poor devil."

Brigit reflected sombrely.

"But why didn't Prissie tell us all this secret? Why work in such an underhand way?"

"Because she had no way of proving it. She had sense enough to know that an hysterical letter from an old, dying woman wouldn't stand up in any court of law. So she decided that what you had was legitimately hers, and she would take it from you, if she could."

He smiled ruefully. "At that time she was genuinely an air hostess, but she deliberately got transferred to the same airline as me, and I, heaven forgive me, played into her hands right away by falling for her hints about wanting a quiet home and children to care for. So

she got into our house and began playing her pranks, and her devious husband, aiding and abetting her, thought out new variations on the theme of burglary and blackmailing. Prissie discovered Uncle Saunders' hiding place for the gold angel accidentally when searching for the housekeeping money. Of course, she passed that information to her husband."

"And all about poor Guy, I suppose?"

"Guy's trouble she deduced from finding newspaper clippings about the accident in his room, and remembering the fuss over the dented mudguard on the car the day they came down to our place."

"The husband might have been a Templar, too," Brigit murmured. "Oh, Fergus, thank heaven I'm free from that tainted blood. I owe that much to Prissie. I should be grateful. What will happen to her?"

"She and her husband will serve a prison sentence. Then they'll come out and think up other easy ways to make money. Having the Templar ingenuity—but that reminds me, the ingenuity has forsaken poor old Uncle Saunders. He's a tamed lion, adding up his losses. What shall we do with him and Aunt Annabel?"

"Give them a home with us, of course," said Brigit unhesitatingly. "And see that Aunt Annabel doesn't get into trouble with the cats' club."

Then Fergus' arms went round her in that old close, passionate way for which she had longed.

"That remark wouldn't represent proof in a court of law, but it's indisputable proof to me. You're no Templar!" After a moment he said, "What are you thinking, my darling?"

Brigit didn't answer. She was lost in a happy dream about the girl who had loved to dance, the fair-haired girl, gentle and full of laughter, who had been her mother.

There were suddenly shrieks of laughter from the hearth-rug as the black kitten pounced after Aunt Annabel's ball of wool.

"And so that's what happened to those naughty kittens," finished Aunt Annabel placidly. "Brigit, dear, will there be homeless and starving cats in the country?"

"Not where we live, Aunt Annabel."

Aunt Annabel sighed with pleasure, her wispy hair taking on the shine of a halo in the firelight.

"It must be heaven," Fergus looked into Brigit's eyes.

"It is heaven," he said.

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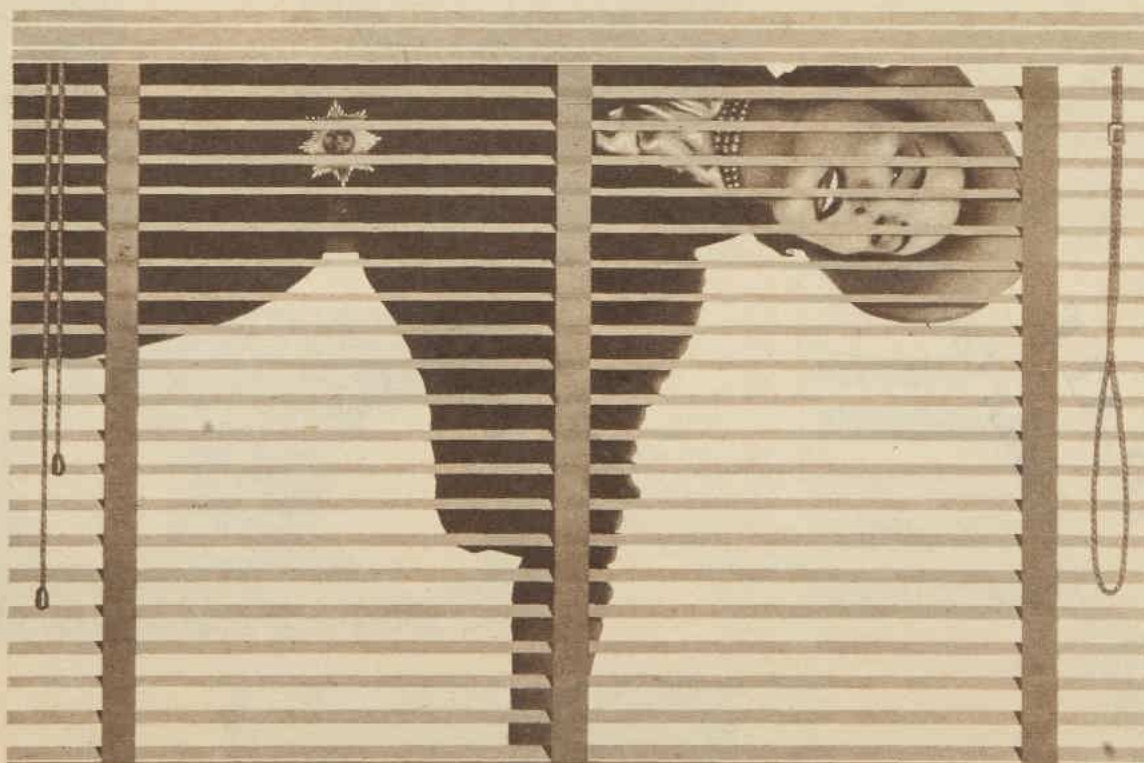
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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 23 and 27. Wear a touch of white, either as a hat or earrings, and you will find it gives you magnetic vibrations.	* If you're a housewife, whether young and inexperienced or an old hand at the game, you'll be happy setting in, making changes which give you a lift.	* Occupying the chief place in your thoughts, your home is likely to undergo alterations, redecorating, or you may move to another district, or buy or sell property.	* That love affair may reach a sudden climax, with an engagement blossoming into the news. Young marrieds find happiness in improving their home.	* While simple hospitality of a casual, informal kind keeps its appeal, you may call a halt on big occasions which involve elaborate dressing or arrangements.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are June 24, 27. Odd metallic lapel ornaments, quaint, amusing prints for special occasions, add up to happy expeditions.	* Maybe that brain wave is worth investigating. You may turn an old idea to new account, or you may go in search of expert advice on how to get practical ideas.	* Home could be just an address during the next few days. You may be such a gadabout that dust will accumulate and meals become a mere snack, but you'll have fun.	* That outing, which you enjoy together, may bring forth a whole crop of new plans and new ideas, or it could modify those you already have in mind.	* Now is the moment for a little expedition, either into the country on the weekend, or into town during the week. You may run into friends you have not seen lately.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 20	* Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 21 and 24. For a satisfactory business deal, wear a mauve bow, or tie, or grey-blue accessories, especially gloves.	* Right out in the business world you feel at home. You're going places this week, and you'll push your advantages for all they are worth. Bank balances are good.	* Money makes the mare go, and those plans of yours will need plenty of £ s d to be a success. If you're a bargain hunter, luck is on your side, with the right article.	* Love may take a back seat while your thoughts are concerned with your career, or other practical matters. You may take each other for granted, but both understand.	* You are practically certain to mix business and pleasure, with a view to valuable contacts which can add up to useful information, or influence with those in authority.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 21—JULY 20	* Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 21 and 25. Gold ornaments, novelties, in the day time, orange and tangerine, or pastels, shades for evening.	* Now is the moment to look for a job, or, if already employed, a more congenial one. You can put your best foot forward and make an excellent impression.	* Home is what you make it, and yours will always express your original personality. You may adopt suggestions from many sources, and give your surroundings a new look.	* Romance may tip-toe up to you, if you are a teenager, so gradually, you fail to realise what is happening. If already married, you and the beloved may be busy.	* You're out to enjoy yourself in your own way. If others do not, that will be their bad luck. You'll take the initiative and persuade others to follow your lead.
LEO The Lion JULY 21—AUGUST 20	* Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are June 21 and 26. Choose a pastel-green blouse, or a brilliant Kelly-green belt, to give you confidence in your plans.	* You may decide to sever a long standing connection. This could be chiefly through personal reasons, such as removal to another district, home obligations, etc.	* You are likely to wrap your four walls around you like a garment, and keep to yourself. You may be glad to escape people who make unreasonable demands on you.	* If the one you love has been obliged to travel on business, you are likely to feel lonely. If young, fancy free, without a boy-friend, get acquainted with a new crowd.	* If you are shoved into the background and asked to do the jobs nobody else will take on, don't so sour. If a voluntary worker, this is likely to involve begging help.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 21—SEPTEMBER 20	* Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are June 22 and 27. Wear a small bunch of violets in the day time, but combine any soft shades in a filmy rainbow for evening.	* With so many good friends helping you, there is a strong possibility that your occupation will meet with a few changes in setting or associates.	* Entertaining is likely to be a major factor in your activities just now. If you decide to do it at home, you may call on all the members of the household to help.	* The first dawn of young love is a beautiful thing, and some of you will never forget. In these stages, love will be against a background of social life.	* You can rally your friends around for a bit of fun, for social, or sporting activity, and enjoy the preparation almost as much as the actual event.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 21—OCTOBER 20	* Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are June 24 and 28. Electric and royal-blue, or junior-navy, attract favorable attention from those you hope to please.	* Bang the big bass drum, advertise your talents and experience, and you'll find a ready reception in quarters where it counts. You'll have a choice of opportunities.	* Since your home must serve as a background for social or business interests, you may be anxious for it to make as good an impression as possible. Simple touches best.	* Is the one and only taking you to an important function, such as a ball? Plan your dressing carefully, so he will be proud of you. Older subjects may renew romance.	* Acting as liaison between two different sets of people, you may earn much praise for success in a mutual project. You may need a committee, or help a new club.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 21—NOVEMBER 20	* Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 21 and 27. Hyacinth-blue combinations of lavender and rose, rough textures in skirts, make happy journeys.	* You may be given the chance to transfer to another department or another branch. This might be temporary or permanent, and could involve travelling.	* You might step out, lock the door behind you, and buzz off for the day, or for a longer period. New scenes and faces will hold your interest, yet home still looks good.	* Don't neglect opportunities to meet people just because you're in love with an ideal. Ordinary people can be charming, too, if you'll give them a chance.	* Much whisking around, with a great deal of ground to cover, people to see, interviews to arrange, letters to write, and telephone calls to make. You'll get results.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 21—DECEMBER 20	* Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 21 and 24. All shades of tan, from light to dark, also sand and burnt straw, help in difficult situations.	* If you're willing to accept less pay now, with better prospects later, you should fare better than in a blind-alley job. That is a question for you to decide.	* Good resolutions, a household budget, not much home entertaining, and a desire to work hard and finish a project may keep you happy and busy, with results evident later.	* Are you and the beloved embarking on a new chapter because you are fed up with a certain crowd, expensive to run with, and perhaps rather shallow?	* Tired nerves, recent tensions may cause you to decline invitations to become active in several directions. A gradual easing off may be overdue.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 20	* Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are June 22 and 26. Wear mid-blues, sage, with grey accessories, and you'll attract romance with the opposite sex.	* If you're running a home and filling a job at the same time, you are likely to enjoy success in both directions, and see yourself moving rapidly towards better things.	* If about to be married, great interest in household gadgets; if older, you may carry out a scheme with the help of the marriage partner. In any case, harmony.	* That wedding date may be nearly here. It may be your own, or you're a bridesmaid, or best man, who meet your fate on that occasion.	* It's not a party unless both the boys and girls are there. The right escort makes all the difference, if you go dancing. Theatre parties are also good.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 20	* Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are June 14 and 17. Black, black-and-white, also charcoal, effects will give dignity and charm for any occasion.	* Working like a beaver, you may regard the present set-up as a challenge. The need to accomplish so much, within a time limit, may drive you hard, but you'll make it.	* Perhaps you feel hopeless about ever catching up with the household odd jobs. Make a rough schedule and time yourself, allowing for interruptions. You'll be surprised.	* A new friend, possibly connected with your employment, may grow increasingly important in your thoughts. A first date should be under favorable stars.	* You're almost sure to be on the supper committee, or connected with something that means a lot of work, but even dishwashing, if done in good company, may be fun.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 21—MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are June 22 and 25. Bring out cherry or garnet gloves, or bag, but especially shoes, and feel like a ray of light.	* Stepping out and overcoming your usual shyness, you may make a bold bid for what you want. In any competition you have a splendid chance of coming out the winner.	* After all, home is a place to have fun. A new game, or some new activity, may unite the home, or you may bring in some of the neighbors to join you.	* If young, glamorous romance, moonlight and roses, but no definite understanding just yet. If already married, an addition to the family is likely. Other subjects in harmony.	* From six to sixty, you'll be on the social merry-go-round. Invitations run in, you may be obliged to double-book your arrangements, but you'll shine in the spotlight.



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FLOWER arrangement by Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, wife of camellia expert Professor Waterhouse, using the exquisite Peach Blossom variety.



KOSCIUSKO (left), a single to semi-double white of medium size. Helenor (right), formal double pink striped red and blotched white.



FLAME (left), glowing bright to deep red semi-double of medium size. Alba Plena (right), medium to large, snow-white formal double, a perfect camellia bloom.

Camellias

● The comeback of camellias in recent years is not surprising. These exquisite winter-flowering shrubs have much to recommend them besides the color they give the garden.

CAMELLIAS have the advantage of being hardy and naturally well shaped. The glossy foliage is spectacular all the year, and the flower form and color varies from single through semi-double to double, and from white through pale pink and rose to red.

Some flowers are boldly spectacular; others are characterised by great delicacy.

A native of China and Japan, the camellia generally prefers partial shade, at least for half of the summer day. The ideal is light, fairly high overhead shade thrown by large trees not growing too close to the camellia bed.

Camellias do not like climatic extremes of heavy frosts or hot, dry summers, but if shade is provided they will do well in places which would otherwise be classed unsuitable.

If you have no shade, don't despair, because some camellias can be grown successfully in the open if they are well watered on hot days to prevent leaf burn.

Competition from roots of other

trees should be avoided. Protection from wind is vital to prevent damage through flowers rubbing the foliage.

Camellias grow excellently in large tubs which look spectacular placed on terraces or at the end of a garden vista.

Very good quality blooms are produced in bush-houses with light cover.

Soils for camellias must be well drained wherever they are grown. A root-rotting fungus may attack in heavy clays which remain sodden in the winter.

Camellias prefer slightly acid soils, so do not put lime into the ground before planting.

Soils should be light, with humus, and just before planting should be enriched with a generous amount of old cow manure or compost.

This is especially important for tub culture.

Fill tubs to within three inches of the top. This leaves room for a rotted manure mulch, which at intervals can be replaced or replenished.

Winter is preferable for setting out plants, as casualties occur sometimes in a hot summer.

GARDENING

To page 50



DIDO CAMELLIAS from her garden were used for this arrangement by Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse. Dido was originally grown in Australia by Sir William MacArthur, of Camden Park, in 1850. The camellias shown here were photographed at an exhibition of camellias grown at Camellia Grove, St. Ives, N.S.W., and held at David Jones' last year in aid of the Bush Book Club. The exhibition will be repeated this year from July 26 to July 30.



ONIKI (top), large semi-double soft rose blotched white with a central bunch of gold-tipped stamens. Pink Cup of Beauty (below), pale pink formal double of medium size with the petals incurved at the edges.



HIKARU-GENJI (top), medium-sized formal double pink striped red and blotched white; a free-flowering garden subject with a slight perfume. Jean Lyne (below), large semi-double white flaked and striped silvery rose-pink.



THOMPSONII ROSEA (above right), informal double soft rose-pink sometimes slightly flecked white, of medium size; a good-picking variety with free, mid-season flowering. Speciosa (above left), showy blooms with striking color contrast—large bright to deep red and white with double centre; medium, upright growth and light green foliage, mid-season to late flowering. Pictures on these two pages taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

to this small clearing. A ragged giant was crossing swords with him as he sat his horse, parrying the rogue's thrusts and making sweeps with his sword to keep at bay the rabble which, armed with cudgels and knives, strove to maim his gallant steed.

Here were odds indeed! I cried encouragement and then, getting the attention of the ragged horde, looked back over my shoulder and shouted the ducal rallying cry as though a hundred armed men rode close behind me. "To me, comrades."

Before the rascals had time to gather their wits I was galloping at them. My shouts, the thundering hoofs of my horse, and the sight of my flashing sword disconcerted them and they broke and raced for cover—all but the giant, who, in the last moment, lunged savagely. His point took M. de Veron, who was swaying in the saddle, as I rode the fellow down.

Before the rogue could regain his feet, at a touch of the rein Valor wheeled, at a touch of the spur he reared. I heard

his battle neigh and then his iron hoofs crashed down on the shrieking giant. There was no more for me to do, and I sprang from the saddle to attend de Veron.

"Can you sit your horse, M'sieur?"

He nodded, groaning, and his grey and stricken face told me his wound was deep and dangerous. "If I could only return to the inn . . . to write a letter to my wife," he said. He set his teeth as a spasm shook him.

M. de Veron was dying. Did it much matter, I asked myself, whether he died here or at the inn? Now or in an hour? Perhaps he might never reach the inn and so never pen his letter. And what was his wife to me? What price would I pay if a foolish sentiment took me back to the inn where in all likelihood the Count had arrived?

M. de Veron's gentle eyes pleaded. "If you could set me on the road, M'sieur . . ."

I could set him on the road, but who would hold him on

his horse? As he gripped his saddle bow, his features shot with pain, I made up my reluctant mind. Paris must wait. And so I made the wounded man as comfortable as I could and mounted Valor.

"Is there a greater fool in Christendom?" I asked myself as we made our agonisingly slow journey back to the inn, and knew there was none when, at long last and in the failing light that presaged a storm, we reached our destination, and there, lolling in the yard surrounded by a dozen toadies, was the man who was to marry Rinalda.

He spoke mockingly for the benefit of his sycophants. "Ah, Monsieur Renne, this is an unexpected pleasure and most fortunate. We had hoped you could be induced to return to the castle. You have a part to play at a funeral." There was a titter at this, but the Count raised a protesting hand. "Pray

leaves on the stalk to replenish the wood.

Balling blooms—those which open only partly—can be caused by the morning sun striking when they are moist with dew or frost, by late flowering in adverse seasons, or by unsuitability of a variety to a locality. In Sydney, Lady St. Clair is notable for this defect.

Bud drop can be Nature's way to get rid of too many buds, or it may be caused by dryness or poor drainage.

Older trees should be pruned back to strong wood immediately after flowering. Very old trees can be rejuvenated to good blooming if cut or sawn very hard back at this time.

Watering cannot be overdone in summer provided the soil is well drained.

Continuing . . . Sentimental Journey

from page 8

do not alarm our friend, Messieurs. I speak of the ducal burying. Monsieur Renne's funeral is like to be delayed."

I knew what he meant. No quick death would satisfy a man with lips and eyes so cruel who imagined his honor had been impugned by a lesser man. He would thrust me into some foul dungeon, and, when the mood took him, visit me to mock my misery.

"You have nothing to say, M'sieur?" he taunted as I dismounted.

"I have a dying man on my hands," I said shortly, and, since none offered to assist, beckoned the innkeeper, and together we got the fainting de Veron out of the saddle. The Count sauntered over and looked down at the stricken man. He spoke softly. "Do not delay your dying too long, M'sieur. My appointment with your friend is urgent."

If de Veron heard he gave no sign, and the innkeeper and I carried him up the rickety stairway and to a rear chamber, where we set him on a bed beneath a window already shuttered against the threatened storm. I bade the innkeeper hurry for warm water and bandages, and, when he had gone, turned to M. de Veron and saw that he was clasping a little box. It was of carved wood, and exquisitely wrought, with a tiny keyhole set in brass to match the hinges of the lid, in the centre of which a stone flung a rainbow of light.

M. de Veron spoke: "My friend. Do not bother with your bathing and bandages. Time is short, and you will forgive a dying man an impertinent demand. I beg, M'sieur, that this year, this month, this week perhaps, in the goodness of your heart, you will take this little box and place it in the hands of my wife." He winced with the pain of his wound, and then, as though I had agreed to his request, began a faltering but precise description of the road I must follow. It had been in my mind to ride northward, and his

home was far to the south. But, north or south, what did it matter? My destination was a castle dungeon.

Now there was thunder, and rain spattered on the shutters. M. de Veron opened his eyes and held the little box towards me. "You will deliver it, M'sieur?" His trembling hand loosened a silver chain at his neck. Attached was a small key.

It would ease his mind to agree. "I will deliver it," I said.

I thought his soul had passed with his sigh of relief, but, as I took the box and the key from his hands, a tiny smile flickered about his bloodless lips. "The stone on the lid is but a stone," he murmured. "The contents have no value save to those who love me. Take it to my wife, M'sieur. You will be made most welcome."

A burst of rude laughter from below reminded me. When M. de Veron's eyes closed forever there would be none to welcome me but a gaoler. Nevertheless, I said, "I will take it to your wife, M'sieur," and then, hot on a flicker of lightning and a peal of thunder, came the innkeeper with water and bandages.

I was looking at M. de Veron. "You have been overlong, innkeeper," I said.

He caught his breath, staring at the dead man. "Forgive me. They delayed me."

I hardly heard. Should I restore the little box to the body of its owner? I was strangely loath. And yet it would be taken from me. I felt a touch on my sleeve and turned grave eyes upon the innkeeper.

"M'sieur," he whispered. "I took the liberty of sheltering your horse under the pear tree which grows beneath this window. An able-bodied young man might descend by the tree and mount. His horse's hoofs would not be heard above the thunder."

Here was hope. I clutched his shoulder. "God bless you, innkeeper," I said.

"I will tell those drinking be-

low that the gentleman is not yet dead," he promised. "I will remember you, innkeeper."

At another ribald shout from below he made a sign which was both farewell and god-speed and hurried out. It was but a moment to put the chain with the key about my neck and bestow M. de Veron's tiny box upon my person, another to unlatch the shutter. The rain beat upon me as I turned to ease myself into the tree, and a flash of lightning lit the pale face of the dead man. A trick of light and shade, perhaps, but he seemed to be saying, "God go with you."

Once out of the cobbled court I set my teeth and whispered into my horse's ear. "Into the storm, Valor, and faster than broomstickd witches." The great haunches gathered and leapt, carrying me into a fury of wind and rain. Already it was darkening, and as the path narrowed and I entered the wood it was inky night relieved only by the flashes of lightning which lit the road ahead. Valor's speed never slackened until at last, in mercy, I slowed him to a gentler gait. The storm was passing, but the rain still beat down.

At dawn I came to the crossroads. Paris, with all its promise, lay to the right, the home where the wife of M. de Veron waited, to my left. Which way should I turn? I was desperately cold, and too exhausted for decisions, and so I broke through a hedge, and behind it set Valor to nibbling the wet grass, and, in its shelter, lay down, and almost at once was asleep and dreaming.

The sun was up when I awoke, and there was a confusion of voices on the road beyond the hedge.

Peeping, I beheld something I had heard tell about but scarce believed, for I am country born, and here was the first private carriage of its kind I had ever seen—a painted thing swung on wheels—two great ones behind and two lesser in the fore, and over these latter a solemn

To page 52

CAMELLIAS

— from page 49

Trees should be spaced eight feet apart. Take care in transplanting to disturb the roots as little as possible. In removing advanced plants from kerosene tins, cut the metal from top to bottom at the centre of two opposite sides. Then press the uncut sides outward, and it will be easy to lift out soil and root system intact.

Never pull the plant out of the tin by its stem.

Measure the depth of the root ball and dig a hole to suit, so that the top of the ball will be level with the ground. Avoid deep planting; it will set back the surface-rooting camellia.

Water well to settle soil about the roots.

Camellias need very little after-care as a rule. Cultivation should be entirely surface to control weeds, because digging damages the roots.

In spring a 2in. to 3in. mulch of fresh cow manure should be spread round the trees to foliage circumference. This provides plant food, as it breaks down and helps to retain water as well. If leaf mould is used instead of manure, add a sprinkling of blood and bone.

Picking flowers is one way of pruning the tree, but always leave the bottom two



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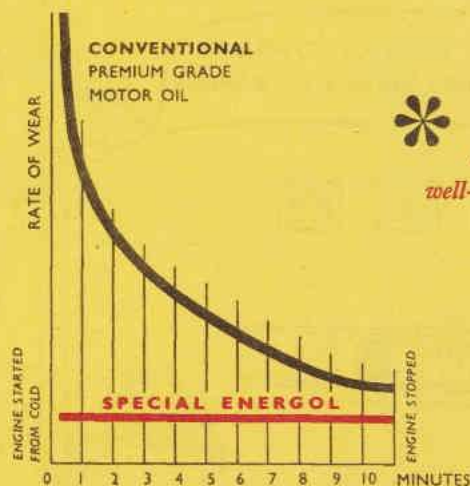
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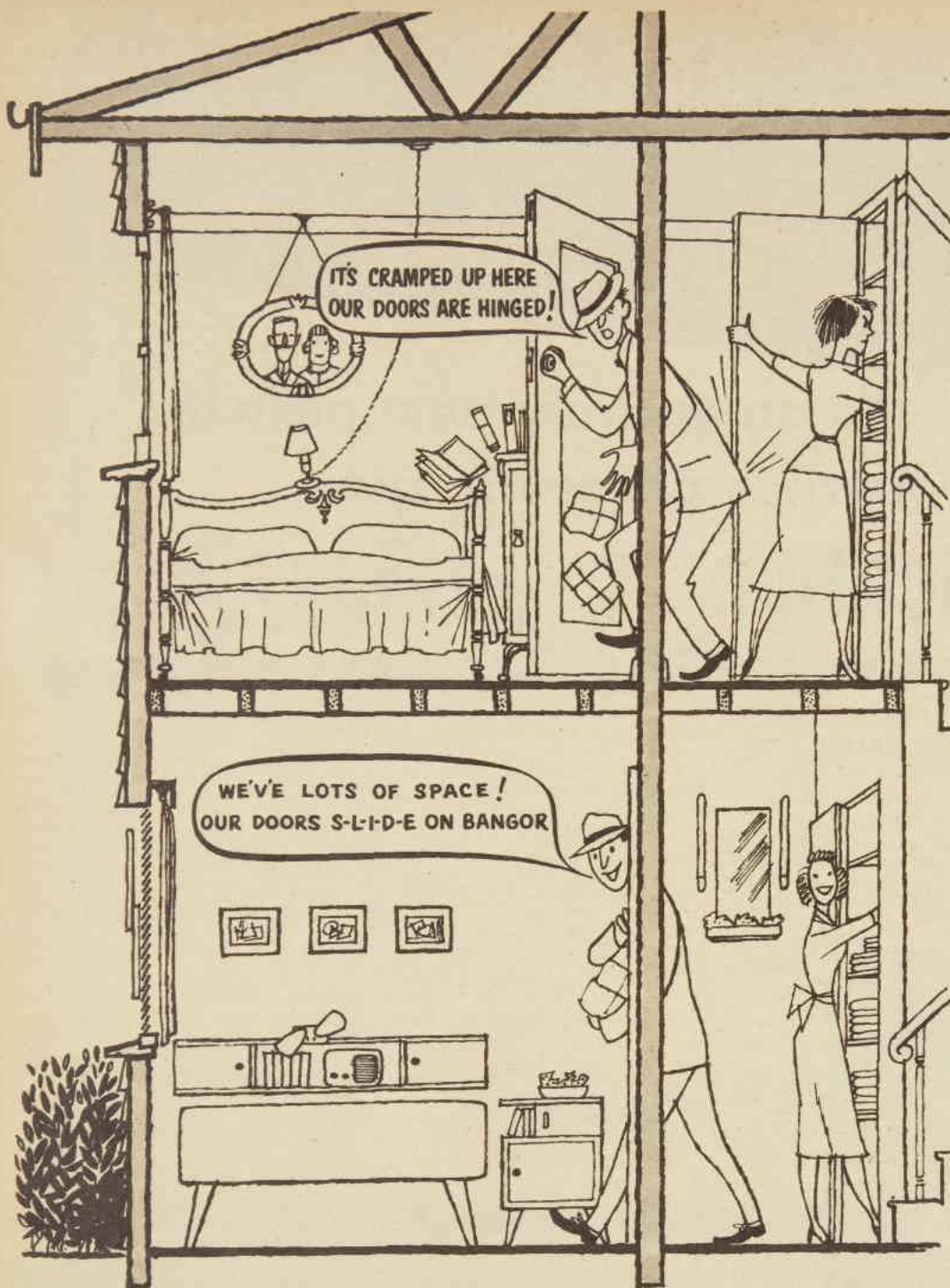


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SLIDING DOOR TRACK

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Continuing . . . Sentimental Journey

from page 50

driver to hold the reins of the straining horses.

I could imagine nothing more fearful to ride in, and was so taken up with the jolting contraption that I did not immediately see the little gnome of a man and the beautiful young girl peering from the broad window of the coach. Almost as I set eyes upon them the carriage fell foul of a rut, righted itself, and jolted again. A wheel came off, the vehicle tip-tilted, and the girl screamed.

The lackeys riding beside the carriage were thrown into confusion, the horses drawing it plunged, and the dolt who held the reins threw them into fresh terror with his whip. The door flew open, and the gnome-like man might have pitched on his face in the mud had I not reached his side in a bound, and, steadying him, assisted him over the ruts to higher ground.

He thanked me with a grunt, and I turned to see the girl at the coach door, dainty foot hesitating above the mud. I threw my cloak on to the road and offered my hand, and, with a dazzling smile, she took my fingers, and, light as a fairy, stepped over the cloak to join the breathless old gentleman.

I apologised for my disarray, explaining that I had been caught in the storm. The gnome flung me a shrewd glance. "I have seen many a peacocked gallant looking less a gentleman," he said dryly.

The girl whom I took to be his granddaughter giggled, and, clinging to his arm, spoke in his ear, and, while the lackeys labored over the recalcitrant wheel, the pair carried on a whispered conversation. From the glances darted in my direction, I had no doubt I was the subject of discussion.

At last the old man nodded in apparent agreement, and the girl said, "It is our wish that you accompany us to Paris, M'sieur."

I cared little enough for the imperious note, but it was an invitation. Her figure was bewitching, her features dainty, and I was young enough to believe that here indeed would be pleasant company for the road. Perhaps a lackey would lead Valor, and I would sit beside her in the queer contraption, and the jolting would fling us together in the pleasantest intimacy. But, as the thought came, my hand chanced to contact the bulge which hid the little box M. de Veron had bestowed upon me.

"I regret, M'selle, my road lies south," I said, but with such little conviction the old gentleman made an exclamation of impatience. "Tut, tut, there is naught in the south for a young man of promise."

"Ride north, M'sieur," the girl said. "You will be made most welcome."

So M. de Veron had said when pleading with me to ride south. "I have no friends in Paris, M'selle," I protested. "Pshaw!" the gnome scoffed. "We shall see that you make them."

There was no doubt that he was a man of consequence. I would be the veriest fool to stand in the way of my own advancement. Within a week, or month, or year de Veron had said, so there was no hurry. I would go to Paris, and, my future assured, would find some loyal fellow to take the little box to de Veron's widow.

If I rode south now I would put the box in her hands certainly, but I would have to give her news of her husband's death. Surely grief could wait. Thus arguing, I turned to the girl, acceptance on my lips, but, before I could speak, she had taken the matter for settled.

"A lackey shall lead your horse. You will ride in the coach, M'sieur," she said, and

at once my mind was made up, for with her words had come a look which reminded me of Rinalda. She was dark and Rinalda was fair, but they were two of a kind, each bent on disposing of me to their own purpose. I had run from one, I would run from the other.

"I regret, M'selle," I said firmly. "I ride south."

"I think you did not hear, M'sieur," she said with equal firmness. "You will ride in the coach."

"M'selle, you do me honor," I said. "But I have made a promise. I ride south."

"Pah!" Her eyes blazed. "I thought you a gentleman, now I know you a fool."

Unexpectedly the gnome chuckled. "Well, well," he said genially with a mischievous glance. "Some day, M'sieur, you may ride to Paris and honor us with a visit, eh?"

He gave me a name, and it was a great name, and, stupefied that I was in the presence of one so powerful, but too proud to rescind my decision, I gaped like a booby. "Come," the old man called to the girl. "The wheel is in position." Without another word he walked to the coach and stepped in.

As for the girl, she held her head high, disdainful to look at me, offering no word of farewell, and this time she moved with no fairy grace over my spread cloak, but heeled it viciously into the mud to register her vexation.

FOR a few minutes I watched the rumbling coach. Fool, she had called me, and, the great name buzzing in my head, fool I knew myself to be. I called Valor, and when his black muzzle came thrusting through the hedge, stood stroking his satin hide, reflecting on the decision I had made. There was still time to change my mind, but, mounting, I checked temptation, and, with grim humor, let the reins lie loosely. Valor ambled on to the muddy road, and, without guiding touch, turned south.

"Ah, friend," I said, "at least I have a companion in folly," and, in sudden relief, set the pace at a canter.

In two hours I drew rein at an inn which was no more than a wayside hovel, and, stepping across the threshold, set the fawning landlord scurrying for food. The room was low-ceilinged, the floor greasy, and, in a spidery corner, a man lolled, his legs stretched in ease.

"Ho, there, comrade," he called without rising. "You have saved our host's life. Another minute and I'd have slit his throat from sheer boredom."

Although he affected the dress and manner of a gentleman, I set him down at best as the black sheep of some impoverished family. But he was an amusing rogue, and, clearly deceived by my bedraggled appearance, made it no secret that he regarded me as one of his kidney who would be prepared to join him in any impudence on the highway. When he learned I was for the south he warned me there would be no profit in it.

"The nearer Paris the more pockets," he said.

"And the more gibbets," I suggested dryly.

"Come," he cried in his great voice, "you do not look like one who would shy at a gallows. We are as peas in a pod, comrade. We have the looks and manner of gentlemen, and can mingle in goodly company without suspicion. Let us make a partnership."

My indignant lips were framing a retort that would end his

To page 53

from page 52

imagining, and I think something in my glance warned him; nevertheless, he rose from his seat. "My hand upon it," he said, and with that his fist shot up and caught me under the chin. The chair toppled and my head struck the stone floor. When I came to myself he was standing over me, gazing at an object he held in his left hand. It was de Veron's little box, and, in a burst of anger, I sprang to my feet.

But he had drawn in the same moment, and as our blades crossed, I knew him for no mean swordsman. In the ill-lit room and on the slippery floor we thrust and parried until, little by little, I knew I was gaining the advantage.

He showed no fear, however, but taunted me and called on the innkeeper to move a chair and give us more play. This was a signal, for, in the instant of obeying, his accomplice swung the chair at my legs, my feet slipped, and I lay with the point of my adversary's sword at my throat.

"How now?" he cried with a laugh. "That were villainy indeed, innkeeper, but who am I that I should not profit by perfidy?"

"Your profit will be a hangman's noose unless you restore to me the box you have stolen," I retorted. "And pray do not be misled. Like its contents, the box is worthless except to the lady to whom I am pledged to deliver it." In my desperate plight I improvised. "If it be not in her hands in a week there will be a to-do that will end in a hanging."

The fellow appeared less perturbed by my threat than my suggestion as to the value of the box. Bidding the innkeeper hold a dagger at my throat, he carried the box to the light. "There is something in what you say," he said after a careful scrutiny. "The stone is but pretty. I have come on many such by the roadside." He put the box to his ear and shook it. "It is marvellous light."

"It is empty," I said, improvising. "It is but a symbol, meaningless to any but those concerned."

"Ah!" He jumped to a conclusion. "A signal from a lady." He shrugged his massive shoulders. "Well, I am nothing if not gallant," he said, and, waving the innkeeper aside, set one foot on a chair, and thus standing tickled my throat with the point of his sword. "And what am I to be given for such a pretty thing?" he asked, smiling.

"My purse," I promised. "I could take it, friend."

"My pledge to be silent." He pondered that and said at last: "You ride south, I north. Two score leagues will separate us before you find any to listen to your story. It is a fair risk." He surveyed me with an amused glint in his eye. "Throw your sword beyond reach and toss me your purse." When I had done so he weighed the purse in his palm and gave a gusty laugh. "It is a deal, friend," he cried, and threw de Veron's box contemptuously at my feet. "You shall have your sword if you swear not to attack."

"I swear."

The innkeeper was in a sweat. "You are a madman, Gabot," he cried. "He will come back with soldiers at his heels."

"Fore God, I could cut out your tongue for speaking names," the other cried in a rage. "I am enough of a gentleman to know one when I see him. He has sworn an oath. There will be no hanging or burning." He put his fingers in my purse and withdrew a few coins. "You will need something for the road," he said.

In my pride I would have refused, but wiser counsel prevailed. I went outside and he followed, watching me mount. "A noble animal," he said.

"Nobler than most men," I replied, and set Valor at a gallop.

Following M. de Veron's directions, I left the highway at length and took a path that led into a deep valley. Soon, instead of rolling meadows, there were deep gorges and rushing ravines, and, time and again, Valor's hoofs slipped on the edges of crumbling cliffs.

But gradually the land grew more hospitable, and we were out of the valley, and, in the long distance, as de Veron had promised, was a goodly town set on the side of a hill. I had a vision of a busy street and

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kindly folk, and, though now I had no money for new clothes, there was enough for food and needed rest. But, when I rode through the gates, there was no challenge, no welcome. In the market place the stalls were set in neat rows. Most were bare, but on others were piles of withered vegetables and rotting fruit. Not a soul stirred. I shouted into the stillness, and none answered. Dismounting, I sat on a bench, pondering the mystery. It was as if the whole town slept—or had died.

I looked over my shoulder, hopeful of some sign of life, and saw a young girl peering from behind a pillar, but when I called she came no nearer. "Come," I encouraged, "there is naught to fear," and, seeing how young she was, believed she might be tempted by curiosity. I drew out M. de Veron's little box and turned it over and over, letting the light catch the rainbow stone set in the lid; then I held it out in invitation. At that she emerged, and, little by little, advanced.

She was at my side, hand outstretched, eyes shining, but as I was wondering what word to say to gain her confidence, she took sudden fright, and, snatch-

ing the box, fled with it, leaping nimbly over stall after stall. Before I was on my feet she had disappeared up a narrow alleyway between the huddling houses.

Bidding Valor stand, I followed fast and in time to see the girl at the far end of the alley and running madly, the box in her outflung hand. Suddenly a tall fellow in a peaked cap emerged from a doorway and snatched at her as she raced, seizing her arm and hauling her from my sight. I heard her scream and scream again, and then her desperate cry was cut off as with a blow. Drawing my sword, I ran up the alley. But the place was a maze, and it was difficult to locate the point at which she had disappeared.

I tried one alley after another, and, at last, one so dark I stumbled over the girl's body before I saw it. In the first quick glance I saw that de Veron's box had gone from her hand, and then I was struck with horror, for I knew that the miscreant had killed her for the sake of the bauble she coveted.

"Hot!" I shouted. "Thief!" And again, "Murder has been done," but no curtain stirred, no door opened. Sword in hand, I raced from alley to alley, peering here and there, routing among the rubbish in every cul-de-sac, prodding at dark doorways. And at last I was rewarded, for as I stood at one end of a narrow street I saw the man in the peaked cap at the other. But he was not running from me but advancing with a gait so slow and stilted I slackened pace. Half-way down the street he paused and thundered on a door with his fists, making a desperate plea to those within.

"In pity's sake, open. It is Godolph. Open, open."

Now I was closing in on him, but careless of my threatening sword he turned from the unopened door. His long arms dropped as though he had relinquished hope, and he continued towards me still with that slow and curious gait, staring out of cavernous eyes.

Seeing him thus close I was filled with apprehension. Two blue spots appeared with dreadful clarity on his gaunt cheeks, and the riddle of the silence was solved. The town was plague-ridden, the godly shut indoors till the monks came with their holy water and sprinkled the streets.

As I retreated before the approaching horror, the man's jaw sagged, his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and, with a moan, he fell at my feet. Every instinct told me I should run from the plague that could bring death in a flash. But the little box on which M. de Veron had so lovingly set his hand was lying defiled upon the body of a murderer, and, giving myself no time for reflection, I fell upon my knees, and, holding my breath, one arm smothering mouth and nostrils, rummaged blindly among the dead man's garments. My lungs were nigh to bursting as I came upon it. Leaping to my feet, I raced back to Valor.

By-passing the ill-fated town,

To page 55

"I thought my blouse was white . . . until I saw John's PERSIL-WHITE SHIRT"



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Continuing . . . Sentimental Journey

[from page 53]

I told myself that, crazy as I had been in risking my freedom, sacrificing my chances of advancement, and impoverishing myself, I had never been so crazy as in the last moments. Fast as I travelled, for all I knew, the plague travelled with me. I drew sudden rein, sobered by the thought that if I arrived too soon I might bestow upon de Veron's widow not only the little box but a mortal sickness.

And so, when I might have raced over fair and pleasant roads, I dawdled, happy but for an inner dread to be among people so hospitable; for now I met many on the road who gave me kindly greeting but with whom I dared not dally. Now proceeding slowly, snatching at any food I could find in the fields, eating it as I rode, I began to wonder about the woman I sought.

Was she wife of long standing, equalling de Veron's years? I thought not. "My dear wife," he had murmured, and, with youthful cynicism, I reflected that an affectionate wife was something I had yet to see. Remembering de Veron—handsome and virile—I set him down as a man who, at a susceptible age, had been caught in the meshes of a young and delectable mistress.

When, after several days, I found no sign of the plague upon me, I knew I had been spared, and, ravenously hungry, ate at a quiet inn and made discreet inquiries. "You ask what sort of a man is M. de Veron, M'sieur," the innkeeper said, "and I give you the answer you will have from all hereabouts. A man brave as a lion, M'sieur, but gentle as a dove."

"And Madame, his wife?"

"An angel, M'sieur." Towards evening I rode up to the gate of the chateau. It was of modest dimensions and graceful beauty. A green sward fronted a porch so heavy with growth that it had transformed itself into a bower. I saw it first from a distance and caught my breath, for there, in the bower, surely, was an angel with wings upon her shoulders. Marvelling, I moved closer and saw that what I had taken for wings were wings indeed, but belonging to birds that had settled on either shoulder of the young woman who stood, bowl in hand, scattering food to the feathered creatures that clustered at her feet.

Fearful of disturbing a sight so seemingly, I halted. I had made no sound, but her head lifted and she stood, listening. Her voice came, soft and inviting. "You are welcome, M'sieur." She placed the bowl on a bench at her side, watching me as I led Valor towards her.

I was a stranger and a scarecrow. I might have been another Gabot, intent on robbery and rapine, but she did not flinch. Her glance fell to my muddied boots and upwards over my travel-stained cape, and I hastened to assure her that I was on an honest mission.

"Madame, I have come from M. de Veron."

For the first time her eyes and mine met, and I found them strangely calm and peaceful. And in that moment my heart told me that it had all been worth while. If this was the one and only time I was to look upon this girl, if today or tomorrow she could be for me nothing but a memory, it had still been a hundred times worth while, for, whispering in my ear, I heard de Veron's voice: "You will look into her eyes and you will know."

Acorns seemed to pass before I heard my voice. "M. de Veron asked me to deliver this little box."

She did not speak, but extended her hand and took the box and held it lovingly between her fingers. Her head bowed, and I believed she was

praying. She said at length, "You bring sad news, M'sieur?" "Alas, Madame. M. de Veron is dead."

It must have cost her something to raise her head and control her voice, but she did both. "I fear your journey has wearied you, M'sieur." She called softly, and an ancient hobbled from the house behind her. "Simon, take good care of m'sieur's horse." To me she said, "I beg you will take this seat and give us a few moments to compose ourselves, M'sieur. Presently I shall return and take you to my mother."

Her mother, she had said. This, then, was not Madame de Veron. My heart leapt, and, impatient for her return, I counted the long minutes. At last she came, and with a gesture, innocent and child-like, took my fingers and led me through the darkening house to a high and spacious room.

At one end, standing beside a rosewood table, Madame de Veron waited, and here, I thought, is a lady-beautiful a man might be proud to call mother. Her face was touched with the same calm dignity which characterised the features of her daughter, and, as I now remembered, those of M. de Veron himself.

"Madame," I said, bowing, "I am desolated that I should bring tidings so ill."

In her hands she held the little box, and I saw that on the table beside her there rested another which was its counterpart.

"You have brought us something which will assuage our grief, M'sieur," she said, and glanced lightly at my dress. "At what cost to yourself I can only surmise." She turned to her daughter. "Celine, will you please arrange m'sieur's accommodation?"

"I would not intrude upon your sorrow, Madame. . . . It was useless to protest. M'selle Celine had gone and Madame de Veron was saying, "You will be doing us a further favor, M'sieur. Presently I shall beg time for private grief, but later we shall crave your indulgence. There is much we desire to ask."

"As you wish, Madame." I remembered the key her husband had given me, and took it from about my neck and handed it to her. The sweetest smile touched her lips, and she fitted the key to the little box and spilled the contents of the box upon the table.

"Rose leaves," she said. They were withered, but the scent of them still lingered. "It was our daughter's whim, M'sieur," she went on. "When my husband left on his mission Celine brought us these two little boxes. 'Each day you shall place rose leaves in the boxes for remembrance,' she begged. It will ease her heart to know that he remembered."

Her eyes now glistened with tears. "Celine made the little boxes with her own hands, fashioning them through long and loving hours. Who were we, though already we loved so much, to make light of her whim?" Her eyes met mine boldly. "I must tell you, M'sieur, because many do not even guess. Our daughter is blind."

A LACKEY had poured steaming water into a tub and set new clothes upon the bed in the pleasant chamber they had allotted me, but in the next few days I saw nothing of the ladies, though they sent gracious messages praying that it would suit my convenience to remain at the chateau.

When at last I talked with them they begged me to tell of my meeting with M. de Veron, and spoke of him without visible grief but with a loving desire to know all I could tell. I related such things as would not tend to reopen healing wounds, but not all things to them both. When, however, I was alone with Madame de Veron, I told her how her husband had asked me if I was married, and how he had said that when I met the woman with whom I would wish to spend my life I would know at once. I would look in her eyes and I would know.

"It has come true, Madame," I said simply. "When I heard M'selle Celine's voice I almost believed. When I saw her I was certain."

Her hand touched her heart, but not in alarm, nor did she show great surprise.

"Celine is a lovely girl, M'sieur," she said, and added, "but she is blind."

"I shall see for both," I promised.

She pondered deeply. At last she said, "My husband declared his love for me with suddenness, too, M'sieur, and our married life was one of enduring happiness. But Celine is blind, and that you must re-

member. If you truly love her you will not speak to her yet. I beg you bide with us a few weeks so that you may come to know each other; then, M'sieur, ride away without promise of return. Stay away a year." As I protested she went on: "If you are indeed in love it will seem a long year, but at its end you will be sure."

In twelve months I rode again towards the chateau, my impatient heart beating wildly, urging Valor to the gallop. Then, as the chateau came in sight, I drew rein that I might compose myself for the meeting ahead. The day had arranged itself for my delight, and a merry sun warmed the daisy field through which I rode. All was still but for the call of birds upon the wing until Valor's head shot up and he neighed, and, standing in the field, I saw Celine. She came running towards me.

"It is you," she cried. "Long since I heard your horse and wondered . . . and hoped. Now I know."

How could she know, for I had not spoken? How could she know unless her heart told her? I sprang from the saddle and kissed her hand. "Celine," I said, who had never before dared more than "mademoiselle." "Celine . . ."

"I have been making daisy chains," she said in some confusion. "It was a fair morning . . . see, here is one for your horse." With unerring instinct she looped it about Valor's neck. "Now, I must pick more," she went on. "Will you help, M'sieur?"

"Gladly. If you will make me a chain also."

Laughing, she obeyed, and at last it was done, and she rose with it in her hands. We were so close I think she must have heard my heart. "Celine," I whispered. "Think of me. Picture me. What manner of a man do you see?"

I could hardly hear her reply, so softly the words came. "I pray you, M'sieur. Do not press me. It is my secret." The color that flooded her cheeks told me all I longed to know.

"Celine," I said in a whisper. Dear Celine . . . And bowed my head and thanked God. I was so near her I caught the sweetness of her breath and knew the warmth of her dear person. The daisy chain fell about my shoulders, tougher than any fibre, stronger than any steel.

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Cauliflower

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

● *While cauliflowers are in plentiful supply, make the most of them to vary the vegetable menu.*

THE many cauliflower recipes here include old and new ways of serving this popular winter vegetable.

Overcooking or too rapid cooking is fatal to the delicate texture of cauliflower, so cook it only to crisp tenderness.

It is best broken into flowerets for savory entrees or buffet or luncheon dishes.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

CAULIFLOWER WITH EGGS AND HAM

One cauliflower, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 or 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sauteed bacon or ham, salt.

Wash cauliflower well, break into flowerets. Drop into boiling salted water, simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Drain well. Meanwhile, melt butter or substitute, add onion and cook until golden brown. Add drained cauliflower flowerets, season with pepper, and add the caraway seeds. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring lightly to avoid breaking the cauliflower. Pour in beaten eggs and milk, chopped sauteed bacon (or ham) and salt to taste. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, stirring all the time. Pile on to serving dish garnished with tomato.

CAULIFLOWER BEIGNETS

One cauliflower, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, good pinch salt.

Break cauliflower into large flowerets, drop into boiling salted water and cook gently 6 to 8 minutes until just tender. Drain thoroughly. Beat egg-yolks with milk, gradually add sifted flour and salt, beat until smooth. Dip each floweret into the batter, drop into deep hot fat and fry golden brown. Serve hot with Hollandaise Sauce.

Hollandaise Sauce: Melt 4 tablespoons butter, then add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 egg-yolks. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water and whisk over boiling water until just beginning to thicken. Season with salt and pepper.

SAUTEED CAULIFLOWER

One small cauliflower, butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Break cauliflower into flowerets, cook in the usual way. Drain well, saute in melted butter until lightly browned. Remove, add another 2 tablespoons butter and the breadcrumbs. Saute crumbs until crisp and brown, sprinkle over cauliflower, top with chopped hard-boiled egg and parsley.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLES

One large cauliflower, 3lb. pickling onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. French beans, 3 dessertspoons salt, vinegar, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 6 peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg, 2 dessertspoons dry mustard, 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 3 tablespoons flour.

Prepare washed vegetables. Break cauliflower into flowerets, peel onions, string and slice beans. Place vegetables in large basin, sprinkle with the salt, stand overnight. Place in saucepan sufficient vinegar to cover the vegetables ($\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 quarts according to size of cauliflower). Add spice, syrup, cloves, and peppercorns (tied in a muslin bag), add vegetables, and simmer 20 minutes. Remove spice bag and stir in nutmeg, mustard, curry powder, and flour blended smoothly with extra water. Simmer 10 minutes longer. Cool, fill into clean, dry heated jars. Seal when cold and dip bottle tops into melted paraffin wax.

CLEAR CAULIFLOWER PICKLES

Two pints white vinegar, 2 cups sugar, 1oz. ginger, 1oz. peppercorns,

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 piece garlic, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 cauliflower, 2 cucumbers, red chillies.

Boil vinegar, sugar, ginger, peppercorns, salt, nutmeg, and garlic for 5 minutes, strain. Blanch cauliflower, break into pieces. Peel and slice cucumbers thickly. Place alternate layers of cucumber and cauliflower in basin, sprinkling with the 3 tablespoons salt. Stand overnight, strain. Cover with boiling water, cook 5 minutes, strain again. Arrange in pickle jars with a red chilli in each jar, fill with the cold strained vinegar, seal.

CAULIFLOWER WITH PRAWNS

(This is a delicious dish for a weekend tea. It can be served cold if desired.)

One cauliflower, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise (home-made or bottled), 1lb. shelled prawns, sliced cucumber, cooked peas.

Remove green leaves, wash cauliflower well in salted water or under a running tap, leave it whole. Cook flower side down in boiling salted water until barely tender. Lift out

carefully, drain in a colander. Lift on to serving dish, allow to become cold. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and pepper. Mix with mayonnaise and shelled prawns, reserving a few whole prawns for garnishing. Spoon over cauliflower and serve with peas, sliced cucumber, and whole prawns.

CAULIFLOWER LINCOLN

One cup chopped cooked cauliflower, 1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 dozen oysters, dash of cayenne, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup white sauce, grated cheese.

Combine cauliflower, potato, and oysters, season with cayenne pepper and lemon juice, fold carefully into hot freshly made white sauce. Place in greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Brown top and reheat in oven.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

Cauliflower, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 or 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Cook cauliflower in usual way,

drain carefully, place in ovenware dish. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Flavor with salt and cayenne pepper. Pour over cauliflower, sprinkle top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Dot with extra butter, bake in moderate oven until top is lightly browned.

CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE AND MUSTARD SAUCE

One cauliflower, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint medium-thickness white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Wash cauliflower, soak in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, drain. Cover with boiling salted water, cook with lid on 12 to 15 minutes until tender but not soft. Drain carefully. Combine sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, mustard, and $\frac{2}{3}$ of the cheese. Reheat, pour over cauliflower. Top with balance of cheese mixed with breadcrumbs, dot with butter or substitute. Cook under hot griller until top is browned.

CAULIFLOWER dishes illustrated above include cauliflower with eggs and ham, cauliflower beignets, cauliflower with prawns, cauliflower au gratin, and sauteed cauliflower.



... News for Knitters!
... Star Patterns for '55!

Make a point of looking through the latest VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS now at all good stores. You'll find the nicest knitted for '55: charming patterns for all your family, combining new fashion points with comfort, smartness with good taste. (As for quality, you only have to feel them to know how much better these Villawool 4 Star Knitting Wools really are.)



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63

Prize recipe



HAWAIIAN PATTIES wrapped in bacon and served hot are delicious. See this week's prizewinning recipe.

THIS week's £5 prize is awarded to Mrs. L. Collins, 14 Benporath Street, Victoria Park, W.A., for a recipe for Hawaiian patties.

HAWAIIAN PATTIES

One pound pork sausage meat (or minced pork filets), 1 lb. minced veal, 3 level tablespoons apricot jam, 1 egg, pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper,

12 thin pineapple slices, 6 bacon rashers.

Mix together the minced meats, 2 tablespoons of the jam, beaten egg, and seasonings. Using a little flour, shape into patties same size as pineapple slices, place one between each two pineapple slices, wrap in a bacon rasher, and secure with a cocktail stick. Brush over with remaining jam. Place patties on greased baking-dish; bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

Tony's luxury dish

Chicken croquettes

● "Croquettes are an excellent means of using left-over chicken," says Tony, noted restaurateur, of Sydney's Colony Club.

SERVED with bechamel sauce they are as delicious as a dinner entree, and with vegetables they are an ideal luncheon dish.

For eight croquettes you will need:

Two cups cooked minced chicken, 1 cup cooked minced mushrooms, 1 cup white onion minced, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons flour, 4 eggs, 1 dessertspoon minced parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, breadcrumbs, bechamel sauce.

Mix mushrooms and chicken with salt and pepper. Add onions, lemon juice, and parsley. Melt butter, add flour and cream, and cook until thickened. Then add chicken and mushrooms and cook for 3 minutes. Stir in two of the eggs beaten until light, pour into a greased flat dish and chill. Shape into croquettes and roll in fine breadcrumbs. Beat remaining eggs in a deep plate, dip croquettes in, then roll in breadcrumbs again. Fry in hot fat 4 to 5 minutes. Drain and serve very hot.

Bechamel Sauce: 1 small onion, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1/2 cup cream.

Mince onion finely. Place butter in a saucepan and slightly brown onion, add flour, and when well mixed add the milk. Stir until it boils, then cook over boiling water for about 12 minutes more. Add seasoning, strain, and add cream.

FAMILY DISH

AN appetising casserole, using humble sausages, will become one of your most popular dinner dishes. It is very tasty, serves four, and costs about 4/9.

SAUSAGE AND CORN BAKE

One and a half pounds beef sausages or sausage meat, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups tinned corn (cream style), 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 des-

sertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tomato.

Place sausage meat (skins removed) in large bowl. Add beaten eggs, breadcrumbs, corn, onion, and parsley; mix well. Season with salt and pepper and fill into greased ovenware dish. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove, drain off any fat. Cover top with sliced tomato, season lightly, and return to oven for further 20 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce or chutney.

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Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Headache, Irritability, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Thirstiness, Lumbago, Insatiable Sleep, Circles under the Eyes and a generally run-down feeling, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The very first sign of Cystitis, the scientifically compounded medicine, goes right to work overcoming these troubles in 3 ways: 1. Quickly kills germs causing troubles; 2. Cleans out of poisonous acids; 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

ROUGH COMPANY

By Donald Hamilton

Read this novel of the American West and know the story and the people of Columbia Pictures' big film ROUGH COMPANY before you see it.

Price 12/-
From all Booksellers

HIGH-STYLE SPORTS BLAZER

Hand-knitted Italian-type jackets like the design shown here are top fashion on the Continent, in London, and in New York.

Materials: 17 oz. skeins Lincoln Mills Triple Twist "Daphne" wool, 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles; 5 brass buttons; 2yds. matching bias binding.

Tension: 7 sts. and 8 rows to 1in.

Measurements: Length 22in., bust 36in. Sleeve seam 17in.

Abbreviations: K 2nd, knit 2nd st. on left hand needle. K 1st, knit 1st st. on left hand needle.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 141 sts. and work 1 row purl. Right side of work facing, proceed as follows:

1st Row: P 1, * p 1, k 2nd, k 1st, and sl. both sts. off needle tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: K 1, * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. These 2 rows complete patt. and are rep. throughout. Work in patt. until 9th row is completed, then dec. 1 st. at each end in next and every 16th row following until 129 sts. rem. (6 decreasings in all). Now cont. until work measures 12in. from commencement.

Armhole shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and following 5 alt. rows (99 sts.). Cont. without further shaping until work measures 21in. from commencement.

Shoulder shaping: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. 35 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 63 sts. and work in patt. as given for back for 9 rows. Dec. 1 st. at end of next and every 16th row following (for side shaping) until 57 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 12in. from beg., ending with wrong side row.

Neck and armhole shaping: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every 8th row following for neck shaping, making 10 decreasings in all and at same time cast off 6 sts. for armhole at beg. of next wrong-side row and 3 sts. at beg. of following wrong-side row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 wrong-side rows (32 sts.). Cont. without further shaping on either side until work measures 21in. from commencement.

Shoulder shaping: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of the next 4



YOU'LL love to wear this ribbed, brass-buttoned blazer with its little sailor collar.

wrong-side rows. Work left side to correspond, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 60 sts. and work in patt. as given for back for 17 rows. Keeping continuity of patt. inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row following until there are 84 sts. on needle, then in every 4th row following until there are 108 sts. on needle. Cont. in patt. without further shaping until work measures 17in. or length desired.

Armhole shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end in next and every alt. row following until 64 sts. rem., then in every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 33 sts. and work in patt. for 4in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1in. Cast off in rib.

BORDERS AND COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles cast on 21 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 9 rows.

*** 10th Row (right side):** Rib 10, cast off 4, rib to end of row.
11th Row: Work in rib, cast-

ing on 4 sts. above those cast off in previous row.

Work 18 rows in rib *

Rep. from * to * 4 times.

Cont. in rib until work measures 12in. from commencement. Inc. 1 st. at end of next and every following 8th row 12 times in all (33 sts.).

Cont. in rib until work measures same as front to shoulder. Leave on spare needle. Work a second piece to correspond, omitting buttonholes and reversing shaping.

Next Row: Work across second piece beg. at straight edge of work, pick up and k 38 sts. from back of neck, then work right across piece on spare needle beg. at shaped edge of work. (101 sts.).

Work in rib for 6in.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Steam over a damp cloth on hot iron.

Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves.

Face edges of sleeves with bias binding, turning up 1st and cast-on rows. Join sleeve and side seams. Join borders down fronts. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Face bottom of blazer with bias binding as for sleeves. Sew pockets to fronts flush with bottom of garment and 2in. in from front border. Press seams.



COSTUME

A Pierre Balmain suit as shown by Madame Pellier, Sydney in her Winter Collection

Pattern and iron-on transfers

HOMEMAKERS will be amazed at the ease and speed with which a variety of items in the home can be given a hand-embroidered effect with iron-on transfers.

Curtains, cushions, children's wear, and other household linens can be decorated with these colorful transfers with just a stroke of the iron. Furthermore, the colors launder beautifully.

Iron-on transfer No. 1006B,

which measures 5in. x 10in., has two good size colored designs of crinolined ladies that would be ideal for aprons, guest-towels, and tea-towels.

Price of the transfer is 2/-. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. See address, page 61. When ordering please quote iron-on transfer No. 1006B.

Patterns can also be obtained for the waist apron with pretty frilled edging that is shown at left. Price, 2/-. The complete set, pattern and transfer, costs 4/-.

PATTERN for this dainty, frilled waist apron can be ordered from our Needlework Department. Price, 2/-.

COLORED crinolined ladies, which are featured on iron-on transfer No. 1006B. Price of this transfer sheet is 2/-.



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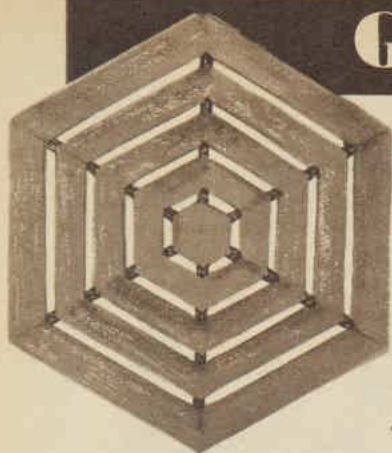
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Garden table wins prize



● A garden table, made from an old laundry copper stand and short ends of timber, is the prizewinning entry this week in our Homemakers' Contest.

THE winning entry was sent in by Mrs. E. Glasson, 33 Falconer St., West Ryde, N.S.W., who wins £3/3/-.

The table-top was made from short ends of 2in. x 1in. batons, off-cuts which had been discarded by a carpenter, and the legs from the iron stand of a laundry copper.

The batons were cut, spaced, and fitted on to a framework in a hexagonal shape as shown in the sketch above. The top was then bolted to the copper-stand. The slats of the table-top and the stand were painted in bright colors to make an attractive and useful piece of outdoor furniture.

For people who have not got a disused copper-stand, an alternative suggestion is to screw the table-top on to a set of wrought-iron legs. These are available in various attractive designs and at moderate cost.

A cash prize of £3/3/- will be paid to the reader who sends in the best entry in this contest on how to make something new from something old.

If you or a member of your family has made something interesting and useful from any discarded or outmoded article, send in a full descrip-

tion of what was done, together with snapshots or sketches of the article before and after its transformation.

Entries may include clothes that have been remade into new-looking outfits, novelties and accessories for the home, and useful pieces of furniture remade from old-fashioned designs.

Address your entry to the Homemaker Department.



GARDEN TABLE. The snapshot above shows Mrs. Glasson's hexagonal-shaped garden table, which was made from scrap timber and a disused copper-stand.



TERRACE TABLE. As an alternative suggestion, screw the table-top on to a set of contemporary wrought-iron legs, either hairpin shape or straight design.

How-to Hints



● Before filing lead or other soft metal, give the file a coating of white chalk. The chalk stops the file from becoming clogged with metal, and you finish the job more quickly.



● Suitable containers for mixing or thinning paint for small jobs are often hard to find. Make your own containers by shaping aluminum foil over any small round object.

Correct diet for pre-school child

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

FOR the normal growth and development of children of 2 to 5 years of age a well-balanced diet is important.

Meals should be ample because children need relatively more food in proportion to their size and weight than adults do.

Meals should be times of enjoyment, not for nagging about table manners or of forcing or bribing to eat. If a toddler is over-excited or over-tired when he comes to a meal he will not feel inclined for much food.

Here are some points about the quickly growing toddlers' diet:

Protein foods: milk (1 to 1½ pints daily in food and drinks); eggs, cheese, fish, meat, and nuts.

Carbohydrates (sugars and starches) and fats are very necessary for the ever-active child.

Natural sugar, provided by honey, dates, etc., is better than highly concentrated white sugar. Hard foods encourage chewing and so develop good teeth.

You can obtain suggestions for well-balanced meals for the 2-5 years period in a leaflet from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request.

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Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



F3663.—Attractive late-day dress designed with a swathed bodice and "belled-out" skirt-line. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and 1/4yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F3237.—Smartly tailored one-piece designed for soft wool. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 3 2-3rd yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F3145.—Young-looking one-piece with shirt-waist-type bodice and gathered skirt. Bust sizes 28in., 30in., 32in., and 34in. for 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material or 2 1/2 yds. 54in. material, plus 1 1/2 yds. embroidered edging. Price 3/6.

F3185.—Matron's one-piece dress designed with subtly curved and flattering lines. Sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F3664.—Tailored wind-jacket. Sizes SM, M, OS. Requires 1 7-8th yds. 54in. material, 3-8th yd. 36in. material for lining, 1/4yd. 1in. elastic, and one 20in. zipper. Price 3/6.

F3665.—Captivating moulded lines for a soft one-piece dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3517.—Beginners' pattern for men's easy-to-make underpants. Sizes 32in. to 40in. waist. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F3517

Needlework Notions

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 918.—COVERALL APRON.

A pretty check gingham apron with roomy pockets and a generous bib top is obtainable cut out ready to make. The color choice includes red-and-white, blue-and-white, and green-and-white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 18/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/11. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

No. 919.—CUSHION COVER.

Attractively designed cover is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The color and material choice includes cream-and-white, Irish linen, and headcloth in green, blue, lemon, pink natural, and white. Price: Linen, 15/6; headcloth, 12/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 920.—LUNCHEON SET.

The mats are obtainable with serviettes to match, cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice is Irish linen in cream and white only. Sizes: Large mat, 11in. x 17in., plate mat, 11in. x 14in., serviettes, 11in. x 11in. Prices: Five-piece set, including 1 large mat, 4 plate mats, 17/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Seven-piece set, including 1 large mat, 8 plate mats, 21/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviettes 1/11 each, postage and registration 3d. extra.

No. 921.—MATERNITY SMOCK.

Attractive maternity smock obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality printed cotton. The color choice includes yellow-and-black, red-and-black, green-and-black, and blue-and-black, all on a white ground. The smock is finished with a white collar. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 18/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/11. Postage and registration 2/-.

Note.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



918

919



920



921



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THE VETERANS

By
Eric Lambert

Remember the face of war-time Sydney, with blackouts, Americans and blackmarkets?

Remember the terrible battles of New Guinea?

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wich spread.



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MANDRAKE: Master magician, with PRINCESS NARDA: And Brown, a geologist with a weird theory of monstrous creatures that live in the earth's core, investigate the cause of a mysterious earthquake in the desert. After

sheltering from a sudden volcanic eruption, they see a smoking hole in the side of the mountain, burnt bushes, and a hole where something has melted rock and sunk through. Is it one of Brown's unknown "things"? NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

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CHUCKLERS WEEKLY

Australia's Greatest Children's Magazine

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY!

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

● Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



"PORCIA."—A smartly designed pin-stripe dress obtainable in flannel. The color choice includes dark green, brown, black, grey, and blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

"JESSICA."—Long-sleeved shirt blouse obtainable in striped cambric. The color choice includes red-and-white, green-and-white, and blue-and-white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 42/8; 36in. and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

"CARMA."—Attractive maternity coat-dress designed with waist expansion. The material is Rayonette obtainable in grey, light blue, green, red, and light junior navy.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/17/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £5/19/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 51. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

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